paleoseti

The magazine for Ancient Astronaut & Lost Civilizations research
ANCIENT TECHNOLOGIES, CULTURES AND ADVENTURE

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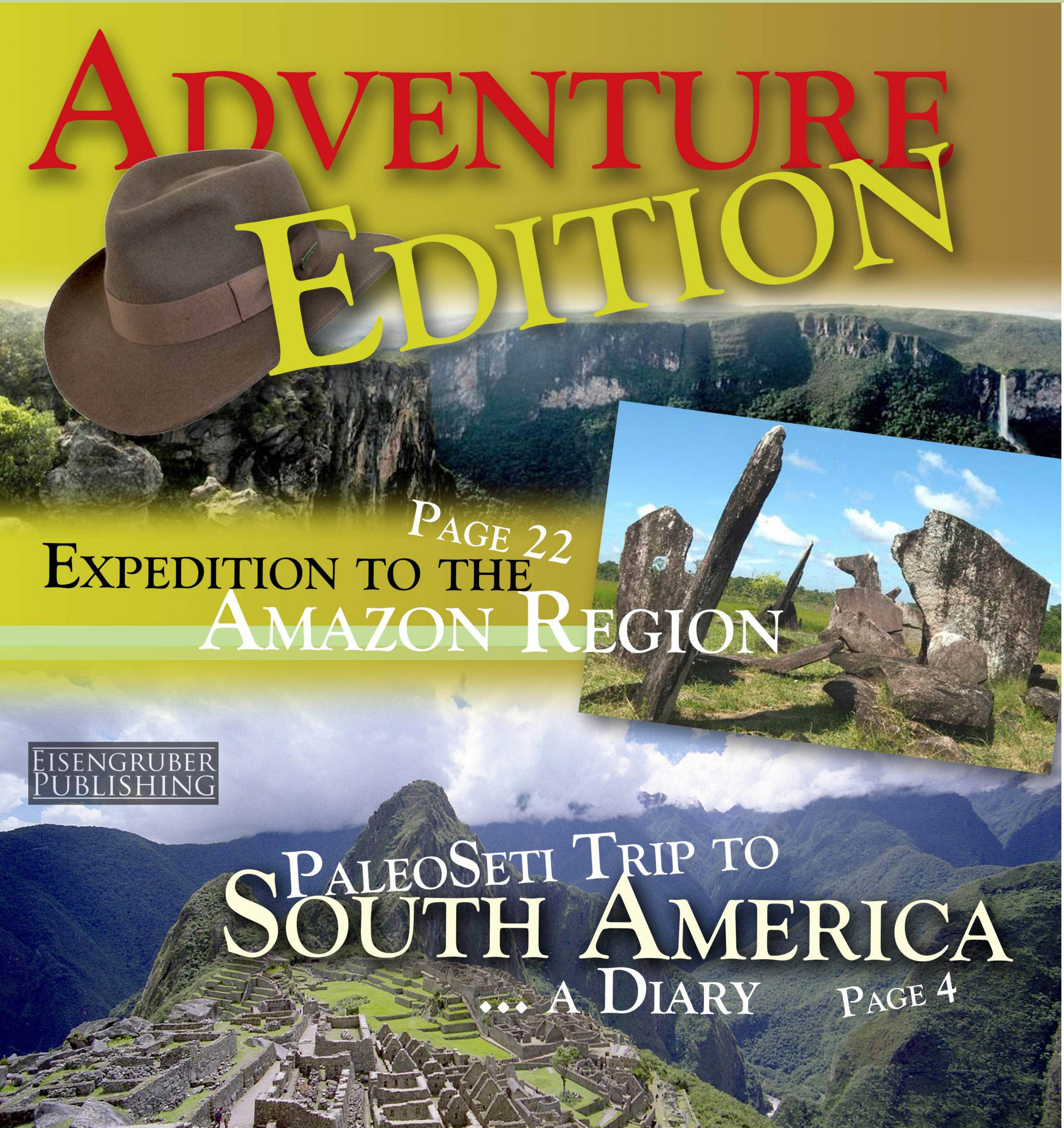

ADVENTURE EDITION

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EXPEDITION TO THE AMAZON REGION

EISENGRUBER PUBLISHING

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Letter from the Editor

Dear Readers,

If you look closer at the rather lengthy header of PaleoSeti Magazine, you will read the following: *"PaleoSeti - The Magazine for Ancient Astronaut and Lost Civilizations Research. Ancient Technologies, Cultures and* ***Adventure****"*.

When we present articles in this magazine, they are the result of extensive research in many places all over the world. This requires traveling which in turn almost always leads to unexpected adventures. It is that "**Adventure** portion" of PaleoSeti research that I would highlight a bit more in this issue.

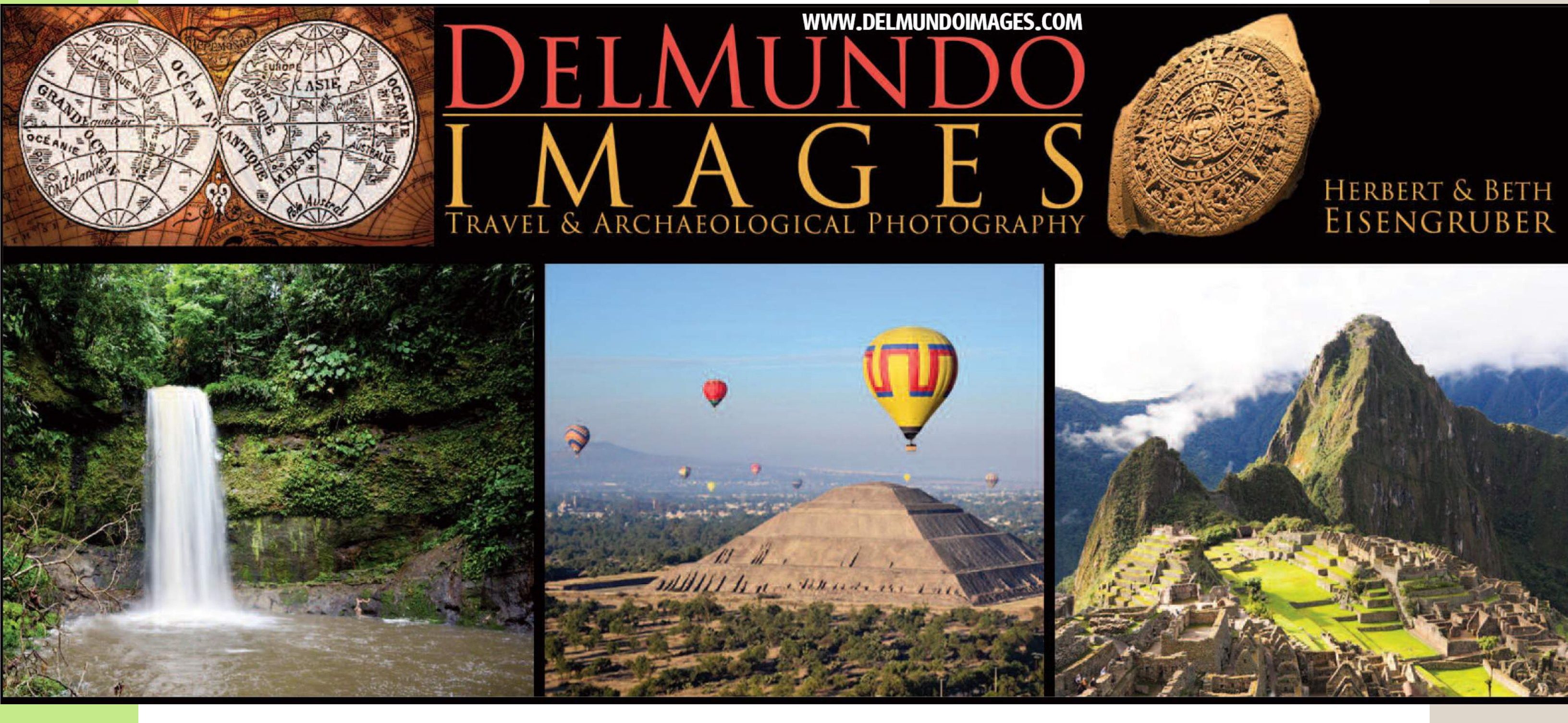
I would like to state, though, that Adventure is always in the eye of the beholder. Everybody sees "Adventure" in a different way. It's always best to create your own.

We are living in a time of the internet, travel blogs, vlogs and other "logs" which can be read or seen all over the net. When I grew up during the 1970s and 1980s, experiences were shared by different means.

Information was flowing slower through magazines, articles and - most importantly - books. This slower flow of information also meant that many times the content was better refined and more carefully edited. Today's internet blogs deliver content in "real time" with minute-by-minute updates in many cases. But that does not necessarily mean they are more exciting. Many of todays bloggers are very focused on themselves - resulting in a lot of "selfies", photographs of food eaten and other things of little value to anybody other then themselves. Unfortunately, many of these blogs and pages contain surprisingly little information about the places they visit or why they visit them. It seems that it is today's need to share information quick and in real time that they sometimes forget that the real adventure happens around them. It's the "Look at me! Syndrome." Many people forget they are actually not the center of the adventure(s) but - at best - a part of them.

Sincerely Yours,

Herbert Eisengruber
Editor-in-Chief, Paleoseti Magazine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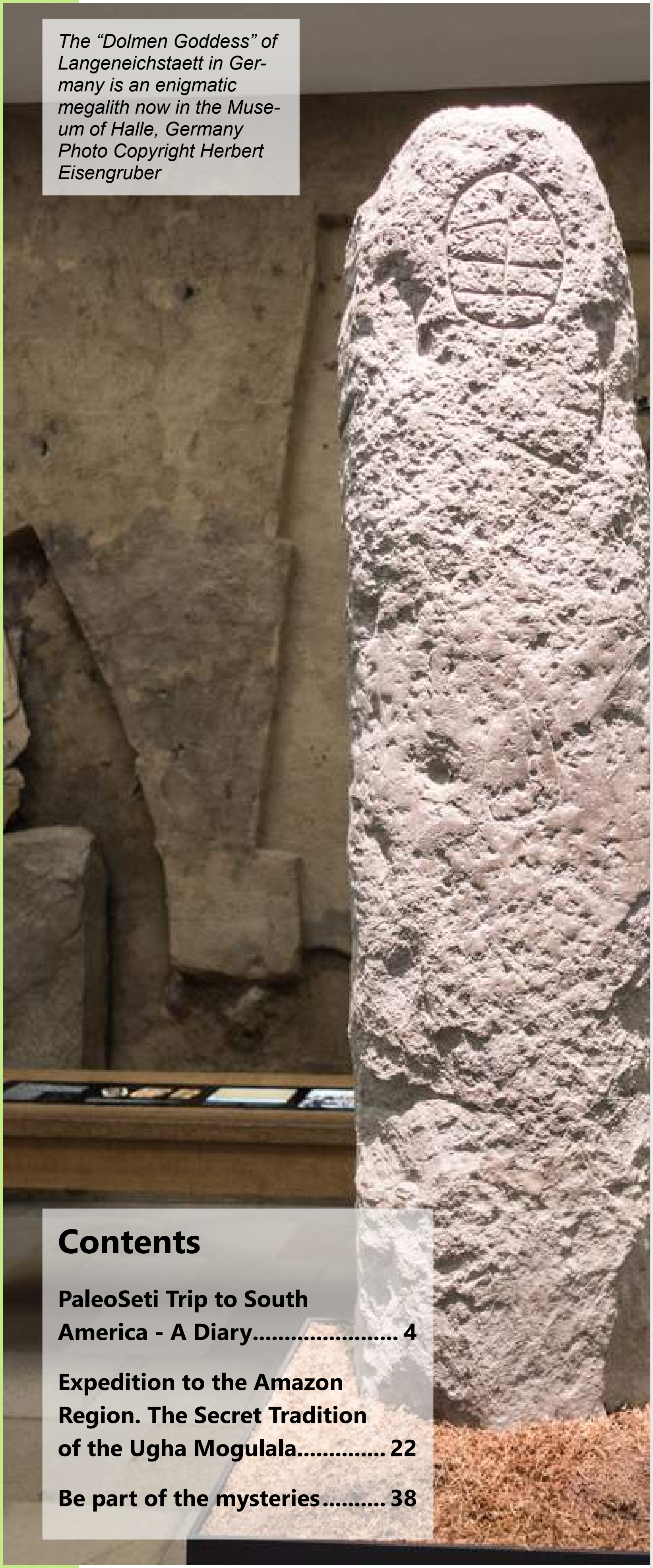

The "Dolmen Goddess" of Langeneichstaett in Germany is an enigmatic megalith now in the Museum of Halle, Germany Photo Copyright Herbert Eisengruber

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The magazine for Ancient Astronaut & Lost Civilizations research

ANCIENT TECHNOLOGIES, CULTURES AND ADVENTURE

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Feedback and Contributions:
PaleoSeti Magazine welcomes feedback. We would love to introduce a "Letters to the Editor" section in our next issue. Please send your feedback to the above Email address. Please keep your feedback related to the PaleoSeti (Ancient Astronaut) and Lost Civilization Theories.

If you like to contribute an article to PaleoSeti Magazine, **please contact us at the email address above** including a short description of what your article will be about. **The articles in this issue do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the publisher.**

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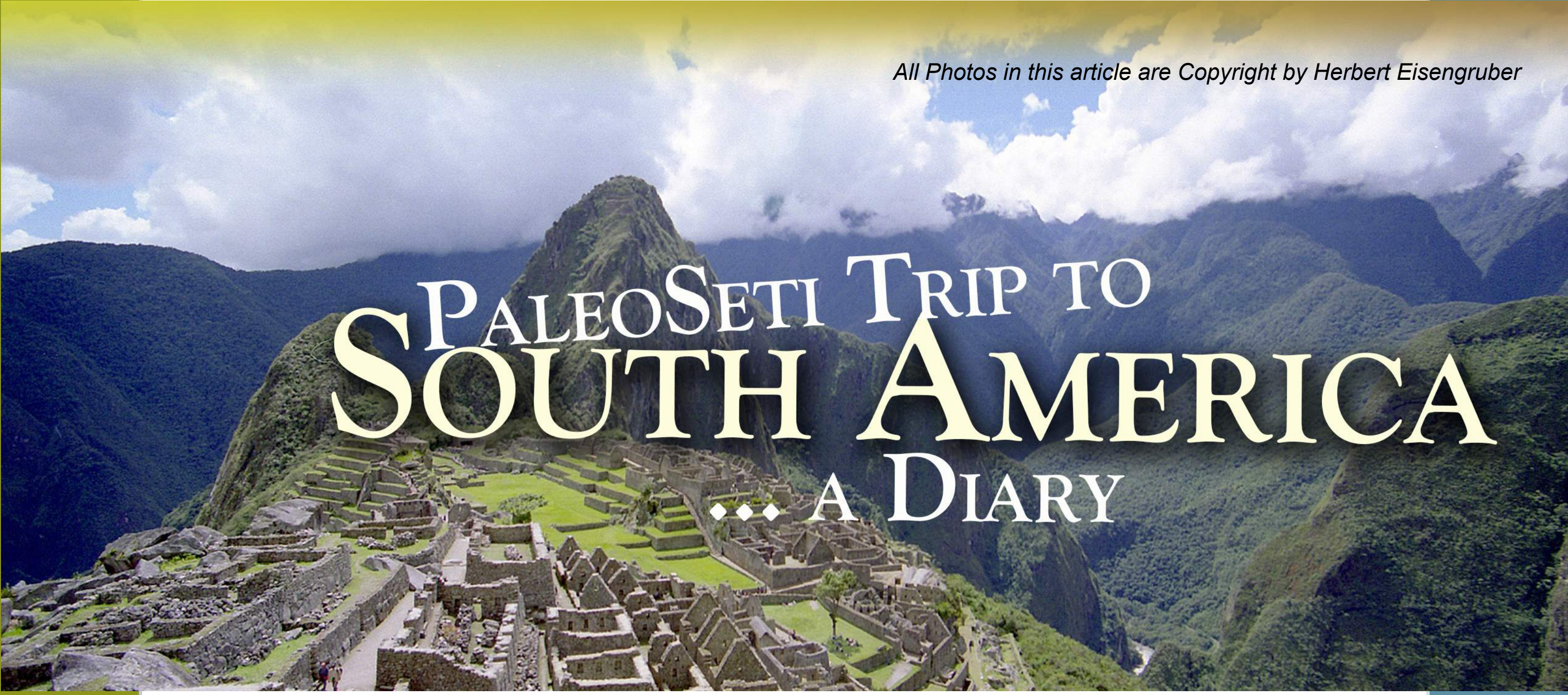

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PALEOSETI TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA

... A DIARY

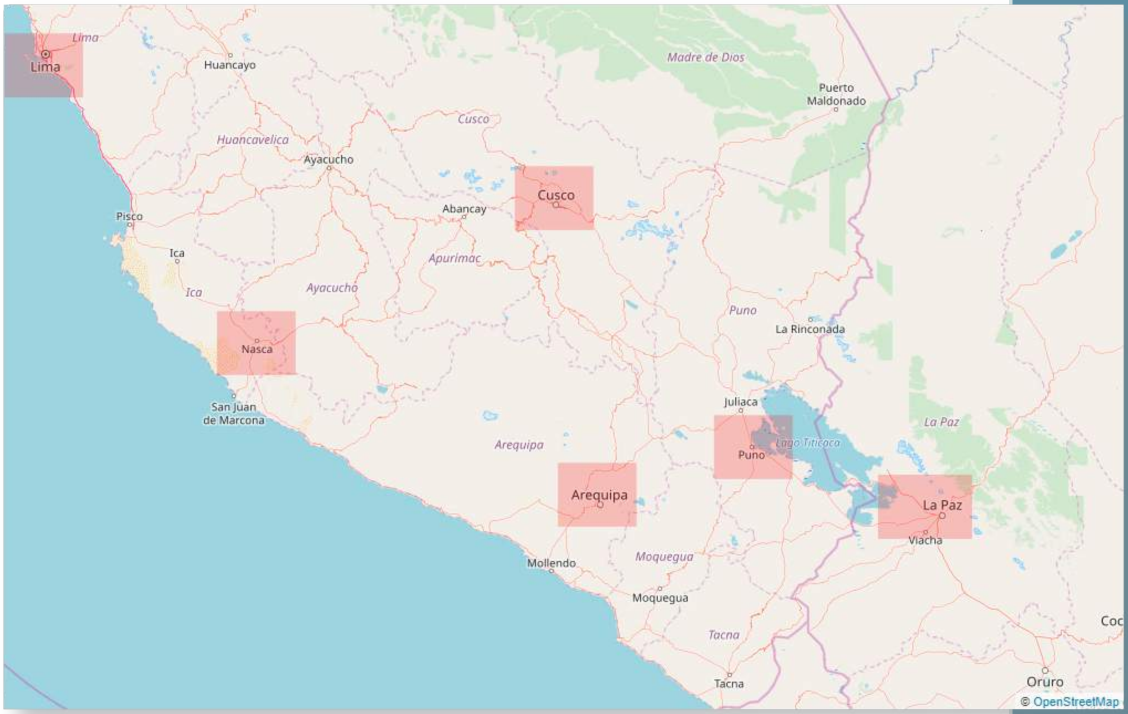
Article by Herbert Eisengruber

Once in a while I get asked how it is to travel to these ancient sites I write about and do the research presented in the articles you read here. Today I would like to give you a little insight of what happens on a "PaleoSeti research trip". This particular trip was my first to South America (Peru and Bolivia) and happened more then 15 years ago. I traveled by myself on a very tight budget. Nothing was pre-booked, very little pre-planned. The only things planned were some "key sites" and places I wanted to visit and explore. Internet blogs were still not very popular. Instead, I used an ancient form of "blogging", something travelers used for many centuries before the Internet came to be: A travel diary. Together with my camera, a travel diary is mainly for my own benefit, my own memories. So what you will read might not have been directly intended to be shared with the world, but it might give the interested reader a good idea what travel with a PaleoSeti research background can be about. The following is edited very little - and a bit lengthy - but I hope you will enjoy this little travel diary from 2004 anyway.

April 20th, 2004:

I embark on a tiny little plane - probably the smallest jet-powered plane in the world that can carry passengers - in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. The flight leaves at an ungodly hour sometime in the early morning.

The passengers are grumpy as is the only flight attendant. She grunts something that sounds a bit like "good morning" but gives us a look that says "sit down and shut up". And that's exactly what the four of us are doing. We are heading to Newark in New


Lima
Lima
Huancayo
Madre de Dios
Puerto Maldonado
Cusco
Huancavelica
Ayacucho
Cusco
Abancay
Pisco
Ica
Apurimac
Ica
Ayacucho
Puno
La Rinconada
Nasca
San Juan de Marcona
Juliaca
La Paz
Lago Titicaca
Puno
Arequipa
Arequipa
La Paz
Viacha
Mollendo
Moquegua
Moquegua
Tacna
Tacna
Coc
Oruro
© OpenStreetMap

Miraflores is a nice part of Lima. This photo shows the often grey and foggy weather of Lima

Jersey where my connecting flight to Lima will be leaving. Newark is a busy airport, but I have lot's of time since the connecting flight has a 7 hour layover. No, actually it's 8 hours: The flight is delayed, one of the airport monitors is telling me so.

Finally I board the plane to Lima, Peru, after I cleaned all the crumbs of chips, cookies, sandwiches and brezels of my lap. It's amazing how much of this stuff you can eat during 8 hours of waiting!

The flight is scheduled to last another 8 hours. I always admired all the passengers that are able to fall asleep on long distance flights. I never can. I have to suffer through every minute of it. I'm fascinated on how the mind goes in a kind of "comatose state" on long haul flights. The smallest things are turning into the biggest sensations. How can somebody bake such small rolls? How can you make such a tiny omelet that tastes like nothing? And what is that? A Pudding? Long haul flights are a world by themselves...

Fundación Miguel Mujica Gallo
Museos "Oro del Perú" - Armas del Mundo
MUSEO
"ORO DEL PERU"
The famous gold museum of Lima

I arrive at the Lima airport at 23:00. It's hot and humid, the chaos in the airport is beyond description. I take a taxi to a hotel near the city center. It was recommended by an archaeologist friend of mine. She has to know, she spent lots of time in Peru. I'm just glad I have a destination to show to the taxi driver. He drives like a maniac without his headlights on. Now that I think of it, nobody has their headlights on. Salsa music is blearing in the car. The radio is the only working technical equipment in the vehicle besides the engine. At midnight I arrive in the hotel. It's a very pleasant place. I fall into bed with my clothes on...

April 21st:

Lima - My first stop will be the Anthropology Museum, which contains the famous **Raimondi stele** and the **Tello Obelisk**, both of which I have read so much about. After that, I would like to visit the gold museum of Peru that's at the other end of the city. My plan is not to spend too much time in Lima as I'm longing for the Nazca lines to the South. They are "calling" me!

The anthropology museum turns out to be awesome. In the gold museum I have a little dispute with the guards as photography is forbidden even without flash. Nobody can tell me why, I guess they want to sell their postcards in the gift shop. Not a good enough reason for me. That's why I have my small digital camera that makes no noise while shooting and I just take pictures anyway, I'm not stealing anybody's soul or damage anything. I never use the flash in a museum.

As I learn from the friendly owner of my Hotel, the city of Lima is under a blanket of fog for most of the time. Maybe this is the reason Lima has one of the highest suicide rates in the world. I guess I'm lucky when the fog lifts in the afternoon and I have a great day in Lima.

My original plan was to rent a car to be more independent. But seeing how the Peruvians drive makes me second guess that idea. The Hotel owner also told me, that Peru has an excellent public transport system, something I'm not used to in Canada. So I decide to give the bus a try and book a ticket to Nazca for the next day.

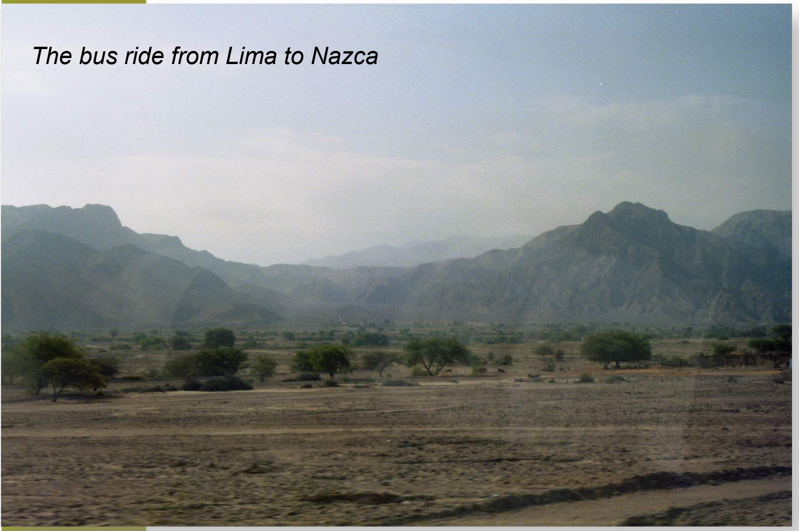
April 22nd:

Lima to Nazca.

Departure is set to 10 o'clock. The bus station is crowded and chaotic. Right next to me, a couple from England loses their credit cards, passports and money to pickpockets. The gentleman not on guard only for a few seconds. You have to hold on tight to your stuff, especially money and passport should always be on your body.

The bus ride is fantastic! A modern, air-conditioned bus with comfortable reclining seats puts everything we have in North America to shame.

Outside, a very arid landscape is rushing by which is getting more desolate the closer we get to Nazca. Around 16:00 the bus arrives in Nazca. Another culture shock. Nazca is not what I expected at all. Somehow I expected a polished tourist town. After all, the Nazca lines are an UNESCO world heritage site and one of the most well known archaeological sites. Instead, I find a small, dusty, chaotic and rather grim looking town. It's not exactly high season and I seem to be the only tourist around. It's hot with 35 degrees centigrade in the shade. I'm really surprised how little developed the area is. The locals don't seem to be to interested in their world heritage site. Trash lies everywhere next to the road, sometimes right next to the famous lines some of which are partly visible from the bus.


The bus ride from Lima to Nazca

The Nazca Lines World Heritage Site from the ground.

Not too far from the bus stop, I see the “Hotel Alegria” in walking distance. Although I wave, no taxi stops for me. Maybe they don't stop for tourists on Thursdays? I guess Hotel Alegria has to do as I can walk there. It seems fairly new and is really nice inside with a pool, a restaurant and very relaxing atmosphere. The price of $15 per night is a surprise as I expected to pay a lot more for this type of place.

In the evening I take a stroll down the main road of Nazca (there isn't much more to the town than this main road) until I come across the famous (at least to me, as I read about it in many books) “Hotel Nazca Lines”. This hotel was home to Maria Reiche, the German Archaeologist and introvert who researched the Nazca lines for many years. She had a huge role in protecting the lines and was also responsible for building the watchtower in 1976, the only structure from which you can see some of the lines without using an airplane.

April 23rd:

At 7:30 in the morning, I take a Taxi to the little airport of Nazca. The airport is specialized to offer flights over the lines. Everybody I talked to recommended to fly over the lines right during the morning hours as the light should be better and the temperatures not as hot.

A young woman from Argentina and myself are the only tourists at the airport and we hire the first flight this morning. The very old Cessna plane doesn't look very assuring, but it looks like it has seen many hours of flight. But I'm convinced it will transport us safely.

From the Nazca Airport we lift up and fly over the lines.

Two minutes after we get airborne, we see the first lines. I can't believe I'm here! I read everything about the Nazca lines and now I can see them for myself. Unbelievable, what a privilege! I have tears in my eyes.

In reality the lines are even more impressive as you can get a scale within the surrounding landscape. I frantically take photos. I never changed film so quickly in my old Nikon SLR.

Of course we fly over the "main attractions", the giant animal figures like the bird, the spider, the astronaut and the whale. But I'm much more fascinated by the straight lines that are much older than the figures. Some of them run for many kilometers over hills and mountains. Some cross each other, some are running parallel. At one point, many lines are meeting in one spot, forming a star. The flight takes about 20 minutes. Absolutely fascinating, what a treat!

In the distance we see "El Astronauta", the enigmatic figure waving skyward.

Back on the ground, I hire a Taxi which takes me to the watch tower built by the German archaeologist Maria Reiche with her own money in 1976. The tower is located about 25km North of the Town of Nazca.

What did the ancient people around Nazca inspire to create the lines? What triggered the first man to go out there and start them? Those are thoughts that pop into my head while the taxi drives me through this desolate landscape. Here, in the middle of the dessert with 30-40 degrees Centigrade and without shade, manual labor is like torture. Some of the lines are 50cm deep and several kilometers long. Even if you assume that several hundred workers worked every day, the logistical planning alone was a masterpiece.

The former home of Maria Reiche is now a museum.

After the visit and the flight over the lines I'm convinced of the following:

- The "official" archaeology knows VERY little about the lines of Nazca.
- Anybody that laughs about the PaleoSeti Theory in regards to Nazca has never seen the lines with their own eyes or is doing so out of embarrassment of their own lack of knowledge.

In an official pamphlet handed out at the tourist information and hotels in different languages you can read the following statement:

"The most outlandish theory about the Nazca lines states that it was an Extraterrestrial Spaceport. This Idea is based on the fact that some of the lines look like runways and you can only see them from the sky. Furthermore they say that the "Owl-man" or "Astronaut" is an alien. This theory is - of course - without any reason and logic, but has quite a few followers".

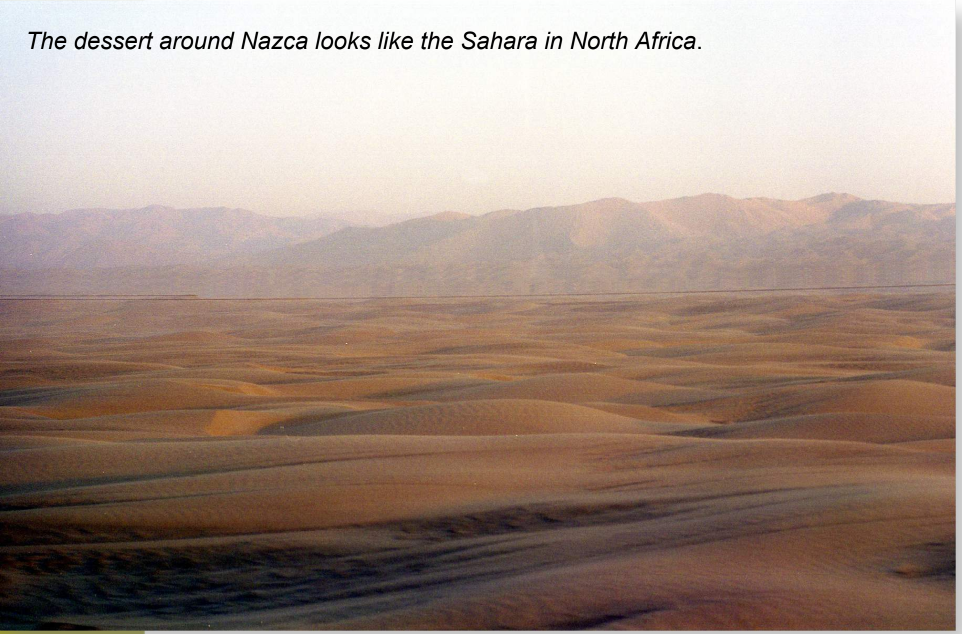
Well what can I say to this? Whoever wrote this never read any book on the Ancient Astronaut Theory....

- The lines were designed specifically to be viewed from the sky. You can't see a single figure in its entirety from the ground. If you don't believe it, go to Peru, hop in a plane and check for yourself.
- The lines were not designed for the people who constructed them. It makes absolutely no sense to construct something, which the people couldn't even look at after it was finished.
- In 1998 "El Nino" - the weather pattern triggered by the change of currents in the Pacific - was the reason for strong rain after over 20 years in the Nazca area. One would think that something like that would wipe out most of the relatively shallow lines. But almost everything stayed intact. I'm convinced that the lines were specifically built in certain areas that included water flow patterns in the area. How ingenious is that!

Along the Pacific coastline towards Arequipa.

April 24th:

In the news I hear, that there are plans for a major strike in Bolivia in the beginning of May, just when I would like to visit Tiahuanaco, which is just across the Bolivian border. A strike like this would be a major setback for me as I really would like to see Tiahuanaco and Puma Punku.



The dessert around Nazca looks like the Sahara in North Africa.

I also heard that despite this ancient site being so close to the border, connections into Bolivia are not the best. The travel guide doesn't tell me good things about the border crossing. It is supposed to be difficult and bureaucratic. Is that the end of my dream to go to Puma Punku?

Some fellow travelers in my hotel tell me that the best way into Bolivia is the longer route via Copacabana - a peninsula on the south coast of lake Titicaca - and La Paz, the biggest city of Bolivia.

The whole trip is supposed to be pretty time consuming. Time I don't really have. So many things to see - so little time... I'm also afraid that the altitude in Bolivai will take its toll on me. I heard many horror stories about altitude sickness. Everybody I talked to agrees, that you should have several days of peace and quiet, just to get acclimatized. The lake Titicaca, Tiahuanaco and Cuzco are all at an altitude of around 3000 meters or higher. Since I have never been in altitudes like these, I have no idea on how my body will react.

I decide to get to lake Titicaca as quickly as possible and book a bus ticket from Nazca to Arequipa, the second biggest city in Peru. The distance is about 600 km which should take about 10 hours on bad roads. The bus leaves Nazca at 15:00. The landscape rushing by outside is stunning. Sand dunes like in the Sahara and long, lonely beaches are tourist destinations just waiting to be discovered. We arrive in Arequipa at 1:00 in the morning.

It is pitch black and a few shady characters hang around the bus station. At 1:00 in the morning in a strange town in Peru, everybody looks shady, though. I'm a bit uneasy driving in a Taxi with a driver who doesn't speak a word of English - in fact, my driver doesn't speak at all even after I show him a Hotel name in my travel guide book. We are driving through dodgy looking parts of town that are almost unlit. Peruvian taxi drivers don't believe in turning their headlights on at night. A good prayer and the Virgin of Guadelupe hanging from their rear view mirror seems to be a good substitute. Occasionally there are dark figures standing on the side of the road with machine guns. Or bananas? Who knows, it's dark!

I tell the driver - by pointing on a map - to drive me to a hotel which the travel guide describes as "friendly and good". As we arrive 30 minutes later, the house the hotel is supposed to be in is as dark as the rest of the city. A big gate locks the entrance with two different heavy locks. There is no "Hotel" sign to be seen. I point to the house and ask the driver "Hotel"? He grunts something. Now I'm really worried. Where did he bring me to? I expect a bunch of thugs will be coming around the corner any time now and this will be the end of me. I get out of the car, because I think if there really is a problem, I have a better chance outside.

The driver on the other hand thinks I will run off without paying, shouts something in Spanish and gets out as well. At this moment a light goes on in the house and a "Hotel" sign is turned on. The locks 'click' and the gate opens. Thank god!

I pay the driver, he grunts again and drives away. He probably thinks "Damn shady tourists at 1:00 in morning.. " and disappears with a non illuminated car into the dark city. Lights are overrated.

A sleepy person sits at the reception wearing a wool hat, mittens and a ski jacket. It has 18 degrees centigrade and it's humid, I wear a T-shirt and I'm sweating. If this guy would only know about Canadian winters...

The Hotel is completely empty, I'm the only guest. I get the "best" room, which is still disgusting. The bed is of the worst sort, I sleep on my own towels. There is no toilet paper in the bathroom, if you can call it that. But it doesn't matter, at 2:00am after a 10 hour bus ride, sleep is the only thing I can think of.

25 April:

According to the travel guide, Arequipa is supposed to be “a nice and interesting city with a huge colonial monastery”. After last nights hotel recommendation, I'm skeptical, though. But in the morning light the area around the hotel looks a lot more friendly than it did in the dark at 2:00 in the morning. The guy at the reception warns me that there are a lot of pickpockets and gangs in town and as a single traveler I'm quite vulnerable.

Since I grew up in Bavaria, I have seen many catholic monasteries and I decide to skip sightseeing in Arequipa and move on towards lake Titicaca right away. I'm on a PaleoSeti trip after all and want to see Tiahuanaco - I hope it will work out. On the way to a taxi stand, I get warned once more by two pedestrians to watch out as there are many thieves around. Other than tha "Welcome to Arequipa!"

I get in a Taxi and drive to the "Terminal Terrestre" - the bus station and book a ticket to Puno, a town on

Arequipa. In the background the volcano “Misti”.

the lake Titicaca. The bus is scheduled to leave at 9:45am. A short check of the watch reveals it's 9:40am! The older gentlemen behind the ticket counter struggles with my long German name. I see sweat forming on his forehead, as he types it with one finger on an unbelievably filthy computer keyboard.

Why he has to enter my passport number and age for a bus ticket within Peru is beyond me. Maybe they want to let the German embassy know when the bus goes missing?

It's now 10:00am and the ticket is finally printed on the dot matrix printer which is at least 25 years old. Commodore built quality peripherals back then.

"Terminal 139, Senor!", the guy says, followed by a "Vamos!" and "Arriba!". I don’t speak Spanish, but I remember the word “arriba” from the Cartoon "Speedy Gonzales - the fastest mouse in Mexico". I know what it means. In my mind I picture a dust cloud behind a mouse with a big sombrero.

"Where is Terminal 139?", I ask. The older gentlemen - I estimate him in his 70s - jumps up with surprising agility which wasn't expected after his 15 minute keyboard-typing ordeal.

"Follow senor", he says, and runs with me to another hall and across the street. At 10:15 we arrive at Terminal 139 which I would have never found by myself. The other question I ask myself is why would you call a terminal 139, if there are only 4 terminal buildings? Only the gods might know...

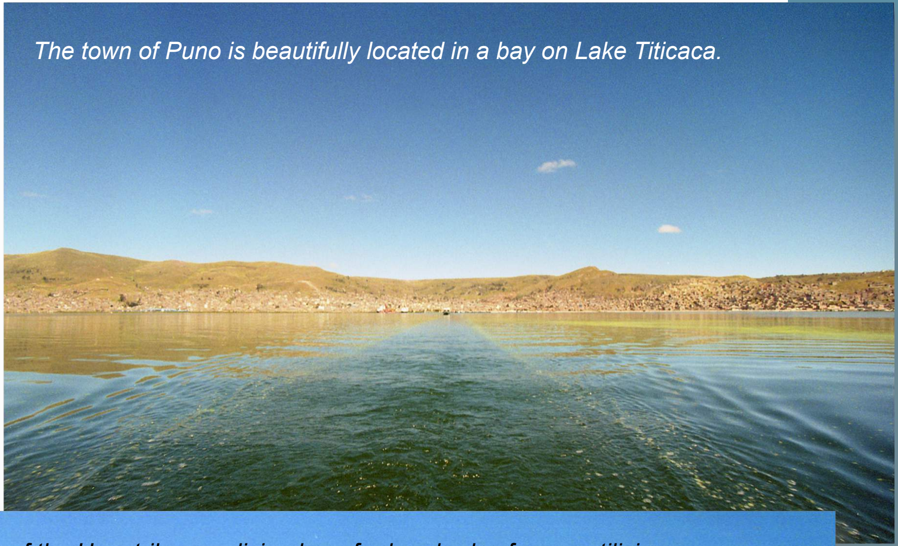
The bus should have left 30 minutes ago, but it is still here. Thank god, schedules are just a suggestion in South America.

The trip to Puno is very enjoyable. We drive through beautiful scenery, always uphill towards the Andes. After a while I feel a bit dizzy. I check my GPS, we are at 4500 Meters above sea level! Lamas and Alpacas are lying around very lazy next to the road. It seems I'm not the only one feeling the altitude, a group of Italian tourists makes good use of the on-board toilet on the bus. When they come out of the tiny washroom, they look a bit pale 10 Minutes later. I have a little bit of a headache, but nothing severe.

At 16:00 we arrive in Puno, a very nice town on Lake Titicaca. Wow! Lake Titicaca! I'm really here! It's off season and I quickly find a nice hotel. In the evening I visit a local market. That's when altitude sickness strikes! I have a severe headache, I'm extremely dizzy and have a hard time breathing. I take to extra strong pain killers and go to bed. My body tells me that I have to take it easy tomorrow!

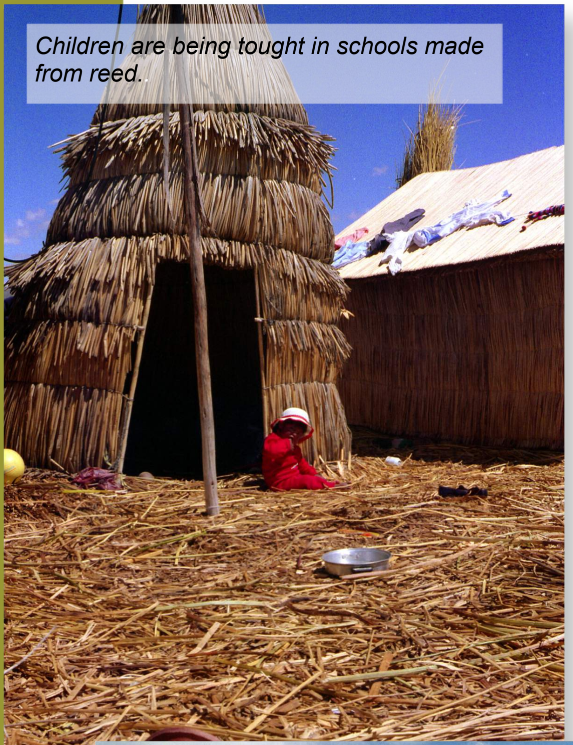
April 26th:

I slept surprisingly well. I read somewhere that sleep apnea is one sign of the "soroche" or altitude sickness. I don't feel so bad, still a little dizzy, but nothing that would stop me from exploring Puno and surrounding areas today.

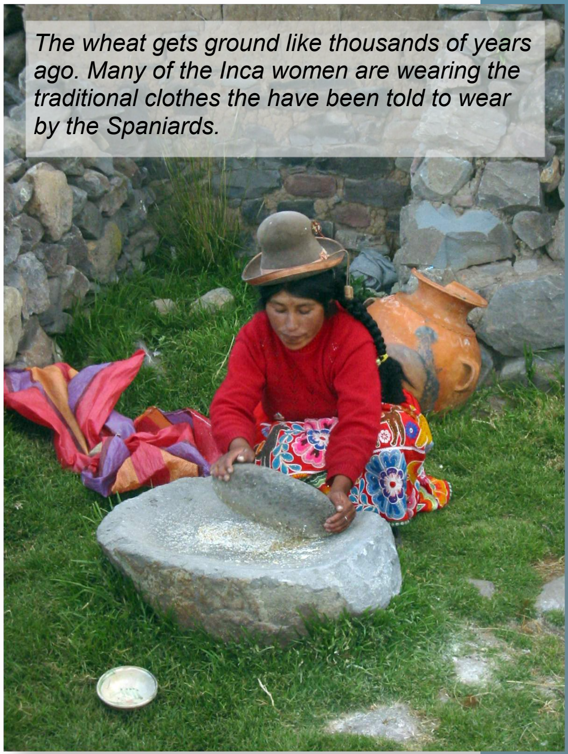


The town of Puno is beautifully located in a bay on Lake Titicaca.

The people of the Uros tribe was living here for hundreds of years utilizing man-made reed islands. Today, their descendants keep this tradition alive.



Children are being tought in schools made from reed.



The wheat gets ground like thousands of years ago. Many of the Inca women are wearing the traditional clothes the have been told to wear by the Spaniards.

I would like to do a tour to the swimming islands of the *Uros* people. But before that, I want to arrange the bus to Tiahuanaco. I find out that the short, direct route via the border town of Desaguadero has been closed for many weeks now. The other, longer route via Copacabana is still open, but there are also problems with a bridge of some sort. The information is very vague and not promising at all. I decide to risk it and book a ticket via Copacabana on tomorrow's bus.

In the meantime, I get on a boat to visit the *Uros* people. It's a short 20 minute boat ride out to the lake where one can see many of the swimming islands.

The people live here like hundred years ago. The Islands are like little villages, with little stores, a school and some watch-towers. Everything is made from reed plants. Of course, it is mostly a tourist attraction now, the *Uros* people don't HAVE to live on the Islands anymore, but they want to keep the tradition alive. If you look closely, you will see some solar powered TVs in the back of the huts and you can't shake the feeling that at night some of the inhabitants go home to Puno into a nice, cozy house. My visit takes about two hours and I have the second half of the day left for something else to do.

Along with three other tourists from the USA, I hire a "Collectivo", a minibus to the nearby Pre-Incan archaeological site of *Sillustani*.

I read about *Sillustani* in an archaeological magazine a few years back. It's a very intriguing site which was considered sacred for the ancient people over many thousands of years.

The site is beautifully located on a hill-top overlooking a stunning landscape with lakes and table mountains.

Within the ancient ruins, several architectural styles are visible. Perhaps the most surprising are stone-age stone circles and underground structures that don't seem to get a lot of attention from the tourists and archaeologists.

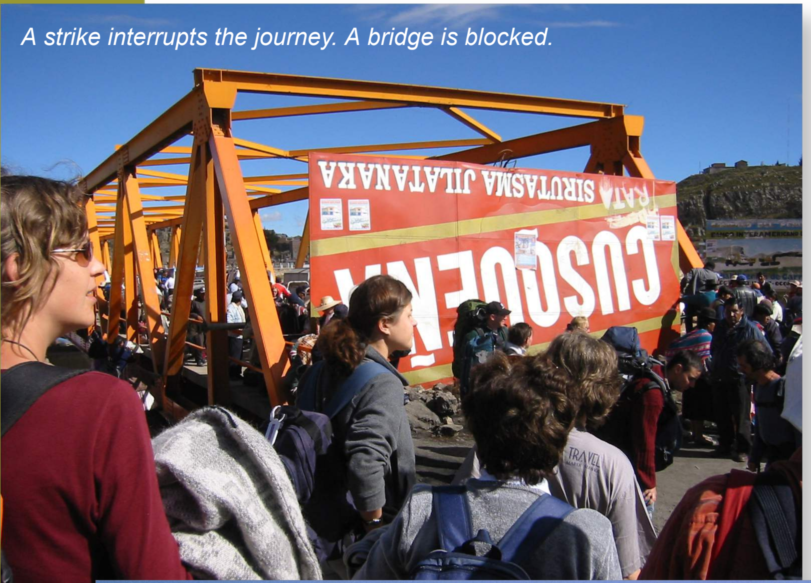
The altitude is - literally - mind blowing and breath-

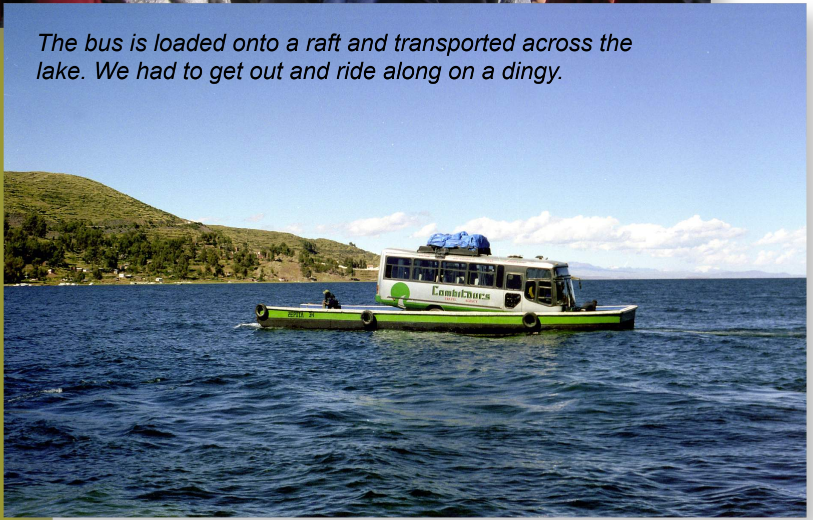
The view in Sillustani is phenomenal.

Around Sillustani the people live like hundreds of years ago. The buildings are grey and not impressive. But the textiles show the colorful side of these friendly, humourful people....

taking. 4300 m above sea level slows even the fittest people down significantly.
On the way back, we stop at a local farm who's owners offer handmade textiles for sale. I buy a beautiful colored blanket and the farmer invites me in to meet his wife who is making bread in a way that has not changed in thousands of years. In the backyard, they raise guinea pigs, a national delicacy in Peru. In most restaurants you will find them as "Cuy" on the menu. I don't think I'm brave enough to dry it....

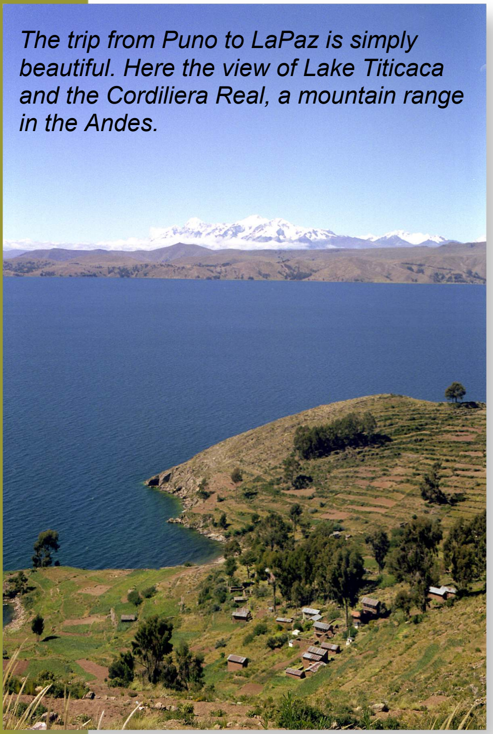
27. April:
The bus to LaPaz, Bolivia, leaves at 7:00am in the morning.


A strike interrupts the journey. A bridge is blocked.


The bus is loaded onto a raft and transported across the lake. We had to get out and ride along on a dingy.

The border crossing between Peru and Bolivia.
MIGRACION
MIGRACION
KASANI BOLIVIA

We are on the road for about 45 Minutes as the bus driver stops the bus and tells everybody to get out. We are in a small town and hundreds of people are around. It's chaotic, dust is in the air, chickens, sheep and Llamas are reluctantly trotting along with their owners. Nobody knows what's going on and why we stopped. I see a bridge over the river that flows through the little town. The bridge is bright orange and seems to be the focus of all the chaos. A big road sign is turned upside down and is used to block access to the bridge for any vehicles. Somebody tells me that there is a strike going on in this town and we have to cross the river - which thankfully doesn't hold a lot of water at the moment - on foot. We are told that on the other side, another bus is waiting so we can continue our trip. There must be 100 buses, trucks and other vehicles parked here. The bus driver tells our group of 6 tourists and 10 locals to stay close together, the situation outside is a bit "on edge".
We cross the river and I see something hanging from the middle of the bridge. I ask one of our group members - a local that speaks a bit of English - what the commotion is all about. He tells me that the locals of the town found out that the town's mayor and town council where corrupt and pocketed government grants for their own benefit. That's why the town folk blocked the bridge for the last three weeks.
Yesterday the situation took a turn for the worse and the angry mob tried to lynch the mayor. He barely managed to get away. Unfortunately this morning he wasn't this lucky. The mob finally got a hold of him and hanged him from the bridge!
That's what I saw hanging from the bridge...
Needless to say, I feel sick to my stomach!
We get in the new bus on the other side and continue on our trip. Nobody speaks for about half an hour, I guess we are all in shock!
About 200 km before LaPaz, our bus is loaded onto a ferry to cross the lake. Since the ferry is not big enough for bus and passengers, we all ride in a little


The trip from Puno to LaPaz is simply beautiful. Here the view of Lake Titicaca and the Cordiliera Real, a mountain range in the Andes.

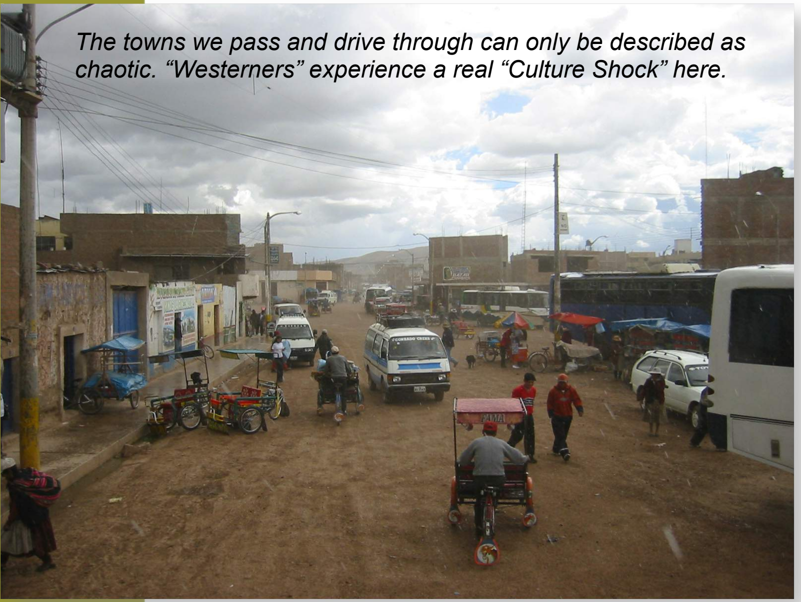
dingy along side. The bus is loaded in a very "adventurous manner", the sight is not recommended for safety enthusiasts.

I book a hotel room for LaPaz on the bus, a "mobile travel agent" rides along with us. In a small suitcase he has different brochures for different hotels in several price categories. I find that's a great idea, airlines should do that!

I book a hotel in the highest price category in a nice part of town for $9.

Despite rumors to the contrary, the border control between Peru and Bolivia is very relaxed. Two stamps in the passport, and I am welcomed to Bolivia!"

Bolivia is the poorest country in South America. You can see that immediately, the houses on the side of the road are in a sorry state. A bottle of 500ml Coca Cola costs $0.10 here, everything is incredibly cheap compared to western standards.


The towns we pass and drive through can only be described as chaotic. "Westerners" experience a real "Culture Shock" here.

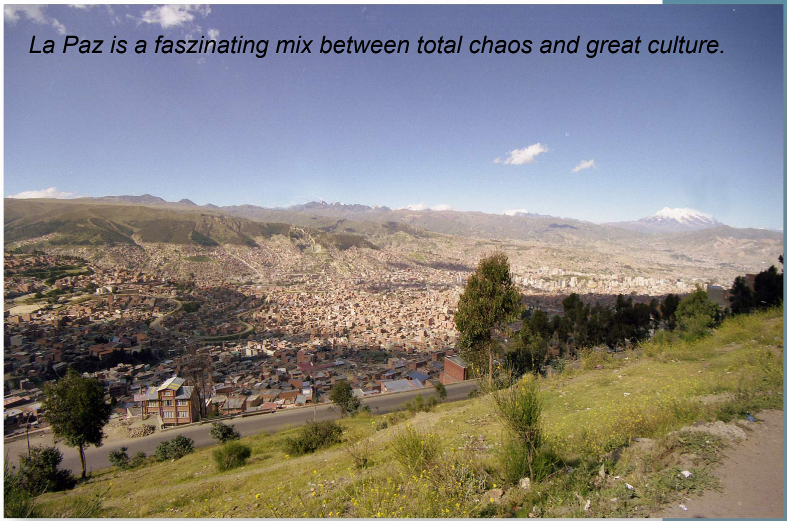
The road to LaPaz runs along the shores of Lake Titicaca. In the distance, I see the snow capped peaks of the Andes. Traditional South American tunes are playing in the stereo overhead. I can't describe my joy to be here, what a dream! I'm overwhelmed with emotions.

We arrive in LaPaz around 16:00. We drive through some scary parts of town, drug addicts are on the side of the road, the poorest of the poor. Almost every child has a paper bag in their hand, they are sniffing glue.

I get dropped off at the hotel that I booked on the bus. They know I'm coming. I have no idea how as I didn't see the travel agent use a phone. The hotel is fantastic and in a nice part of town. Right in the hotel is a little booth that offers tours to Tiahuanaco. Tomorrow at 7:00 I will go!

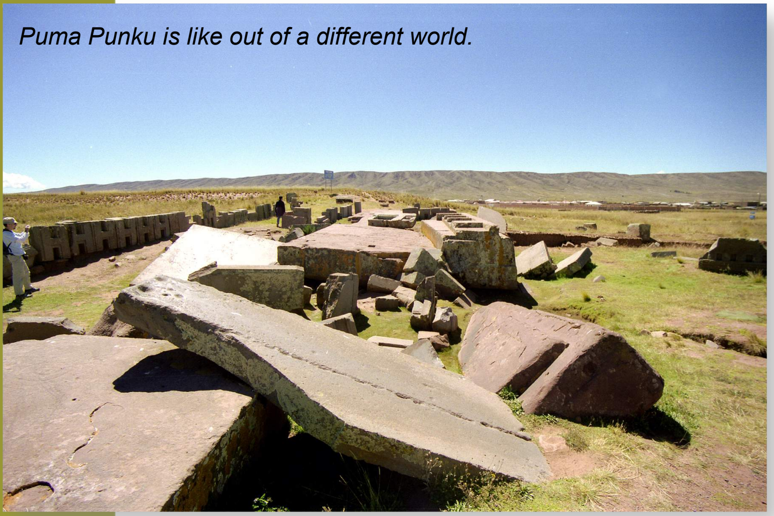
April 28th:

It's 7:00am in the morning. The minibus that is supposed to bring us to Tiahuanaco is parked in front of the hotel. "Us" is a small group of tourists, a couple from Munich, Germany (my home town), a guy from Switzerland, a father and son team from Japan and myself. Of course there is the driver and a guide. It turns out that our group has great chemistry and we all have the same kind of humor. We all speak German (even the father and son from Japan) and we have a lot of fun during the drive.


La Paz is a faszinating mix between total chaos and great culture.

After about an hour we arrive in Tiahuanaco. After Nazca, another dream comes true for me. The site is fantastic, I'm impressed.

"Now I would like to visit Puma Punku.", I tell the guide. "Puma Punku is closed", he tells me. "What? Why?" I ask. He just shrugs his shoulders and says "those are just a few old stones, nothing really interesting to see. Also there are excavations going on and



Puma Punku is like out of a different world.

nobody is allowed in". He points to the van. We have to go back. So he thinks.

I tell him something, that he doesn't expect. "Ok, you go back, I stay here. I want to see Puma Punku and I'm not leaving unless I see it." "It's impossible, Sir", he says. "We will see," I say, "I'm going now and climb over the fence...".

Now the other tourists get curious. They ask what thais Puma Punku is all about. I tell them that those are very unique ruins, highly controversial. The stoneworks look very modern. Puma Punku is one of the reasons I came all the way from Canada, and I will not get stopped ten meters before the site.

The other tourists agree, they want to see it as well. "Not possible", says the guide. But I'm already on my way to the gate. The guide is in crisis mode, he never encountered "a tourist revolution". Or is it a mutiny?

He says something about "guards" and "trouble". I can't see any guards and if I'm in trouble because I want to visit an archaeological site, I say "bring it on"!

I give the guide 50 Bolivianos (roughly $10) and tell him to stand guard while we visit the site. He agrees and tells me that if somebody asks, we never visited Puma Punku and did a tour of the site museum instead. Obviously guides are told by officials not to encourage tourists enter Puma Punku. We pass the gate and the guard house. I see shoes in the grass which are actually attached to a person. It's one of the guards who sleeps in the grass. What else would he do? Nobody ever comes, as the guides are not leading tourists to Puma Punku. He wakes up and stands up. He can hardly stand, he is obviously drunk. He says something like "not allowed". I point to my camera and say "Prensa!". "Ahhhh, prensa...", he says, and winks me through. Two other "revolutionary" tourists follow and the guard lays down again to sleep. We are in!

The author among the ruins of Puma Punku.

Here they are in front of me, the ruins of Puma Punku! And they are incredible. You have to see them in images, they are hard to describe!

After about an hour of strolling around in Puma Punku - the guide gave up and let us do what we want - we decide to invite him to the local restaurant for his troubles. The couple from Munich and myself order Llama steak with gravy and rice. The gravy and rice are tasty, but the Llama is extremely "gamey". We can't eat it. The guide is happy, he will bring it for dinner for his family tonight. I think by now he forgave us about our "revolution" earlier today. We all have a great time and laugh a lot...

April 29th:

Bolivia is a bit of an unstable country. 2003 it was close to a civil war and it is still looking for a stable government. A week before I went on my trip, the whole Bolivian government stepped back from office, it couldn't solve the major problems the country has.

Now I hear from several sources, that there will be a major strike around the first or second of May which would severely affect the whole country. Strikes in Bolivia can take 6 weeks and more and nothing will move anymore. During a major strike, the people go into complete "hybernation".

Unfortunately, it's time for me to leave Bolivia, I don't want to get stuck here. I book the bus back to Peru. This time I purchase a fare directly to Cusco, the old capital of the Inca empire. The trip is scheduled to last more than 20 hours.

When we leave LaPaz, I see a lot of military presence. Tanks and machine guns on the side of the road are not a calming sight. The soldiers are building barri-

Lake Titicaca

cades on the road every few hundred meters. I have the feeling that I'm on the last bus out...

Two hours later on the border to Peru, I have no problem with the crossing. I'm glad to be back in Peru, as it is a much more stable country. Everybody talks about the strike in Bolivia now.

The following bus ride to Cuzco is the worst I have done so far. The bus is old, hot and sticky and during the night there are dark characters entering. Sometimes I think it would have been better to take a plane.

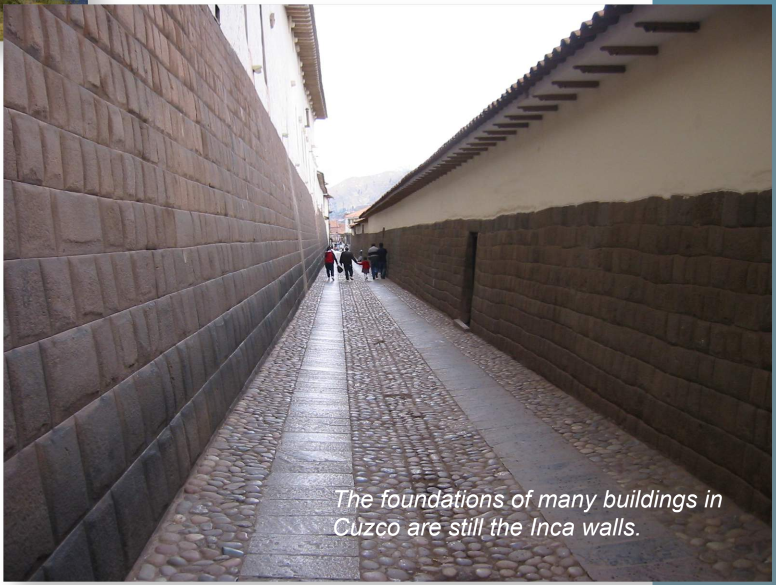
When I arrive at 4:30 in the morning the next day, I hardly can feel my butt.

30. April:

Cuzco is a beautiful city. Nestled within the Andes, it has a very nice climate, not too warm and not too cold. I plan to start out the day with a sightseeing tour on foot. I'm especially interested in the famous Inca walls that one is supposed to be able to see all over the city. The Spanish conquistadors built their buildings right on top of the ancient Inca walls as they provided superior stability during earth quakes.

The main square in Cuzco.

My Hotel is located on *Plaza San Blaz,* very central, pretty much everything of interest is within walking distance. I walk down a narrow street towards the city center and pretty much the first Inca wall I see is the one with the famous 12-sided stone, a masterpiece of Inca masonry. The Inca perfected building walls without mortar by fitting stones onto each other so precisely, that not even a business card can fit between the stones.


The foundations of many buildings in Cuzco are still the Inca walls.

The city is hustling and bustling full of tourists and locals. A very colorful, happy place. The main town square is bright, open and very picturesque with its two main cathedrals and colonial balconies. I can now see why Cuzco is considered one of the most beautiful cities in South America.

My main goal to see in Cuzco is the ancient Inca fortress of Saqsayhuaman, which is a few kilometers outside and above the city. In the afternoon, I rent a Taxi that will bring me there. Another highlight of my trip.

Nothing can prepare you for a visit to Saqsayhuaman! No photo, video or description is doing it justice. My German travel guide is doing a good job, though. Remember this a fairly conservative German travel guide which has absolutely nothing to do with PaleoSeti! It says:

"Whoever sees the gigantic super-walls with their

A local is posing for my camera.

stones that are fitted with millimeter exact precision into each other and weighing many tons for, the first time, is simply overwhelmed.

The walls of Saqsayhuaman seem to have been built by Titans during the dawn of human kind.

The lower wall is approximately 600 meters long and is the most fascinating wall that I have ever seen. To this day it is a complete mystery how such stone giants were transported. The biggest of these stones measures 9x5x4 Meters and weighs well over 350 tons."

There is very little to add to the above, except that the walls are telling us, that as long as we are rejecting the PaleoSeti explanation, the mystery will never be solved.

People including myself are walking up and down the walls and are completely mesmerized by what they are seeing. After about half an hour I have to sit down in the field before the walls and I think how lucky and privileged I am to be here.

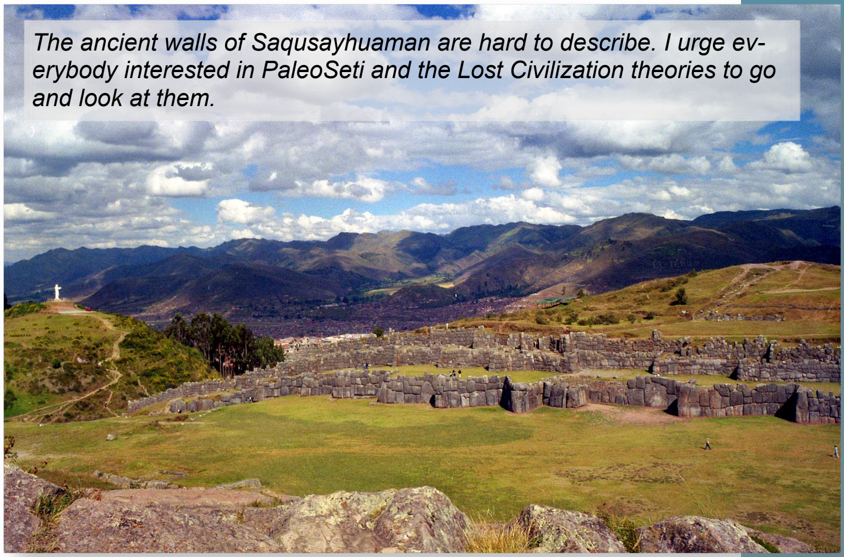
After a while I start to look closer. The gigantic stones are put together so precisely that you can't fit a piece of paper between them. This is already impressive in the smaller walls down in the city of Cuzco, but the same precision was used here on a whole different scale. On top of everything the stones are not just any old sandstone that's soft and easily workable, but granite, one of the hardest stones known.

What technology might have been in use here?

You have the best view of the main wall on top of the hill across the site. It becomes clear, that there are three walls right on top of each other.

I climb further up the hill across the main walls and I can't believe my eyes. Pretty much every rock and stone was carved and altered. The granite around here looks like somebody cut butter with a knife. But it's not butter, it's granite! Some sections here are ten meters high. Rock walls have been smoothly polished like modern concrete. Everything looks like a enormous puzzle, a labyrinth made from granite. I come around a corner and stand in front of giant piece of rock that looks like it was turned upside down. There are stairs carved out of it and they run upside down.

In every rock I find cut-outs, niches, square and round, rectangles, circles and bows. What purpose did they serve? An archaeologist friend of mine thinks it was the "practice ground" for the carvers that worked on the big walls. An apprentice ground of sorts. That makes sense in theory, but when you stand in front of them you realize that some of the rocks and carvings look much more weathered then others, so whatever was going on up here was going on over a long period of time. The carvings up here are MUCH older then the walls of the fortress.



The ancient walls of Saqusayhuaman are hard to describe. I urge everybody interested in PaleoSeti and the Lost Civilization theories to go and look at them.

Up here, the word "ruins" doesn't really apply. These are more then ruins. With "regular" ruins you can at least make out somewhat of an original purpose. A house, a temple or something else. Here, everything is just confusing and every attempt to apply a purpose can only be a guess.

Mai 1st:

First thing in the morning, I'm on my way to Saqsayhuaman again. I want to investigate the "ruins" above the site further. I have a lunch packed, as I want to hike from Saqsayhuman to the Genko Grande, a my-

The main “temple” of Ollantaytambo

serious rock weighting stunning 250000 tones. Archaeologists tell us, that the Genko Grande is a natural rock formation as it would be impossible for humans to move it, while local folklore is convinced that the ancients moved it there and in the process it killed several hundred workers.

I'm back in the hotel around 16:00. The rest of the day I visit the monastery "Santo Domingo" which was built upon the heart of the Inca empire, the *Temple of the Sun*. Thank god, the Spaniards made an exception and didn't destroy the old temple completely. They built the monastery walls around the ancient structure, leaving some of the interior intact. It's a good thing that they did that, as an earthquake in 1950 destroyed most of the colonial walls the Spaniards built. Only the Inca walls came out completely undamaged. In fact, even more of the Inca walls have been unearthed by this earthquake. Those walls are now open for visits. The stone masonry of the Temple of the Sun temple is of the finest quality in Inca buildings. The Inca walls are exceptionally earthquake proof. Today we would say that a lot of science went into the walls to achieve this. The "interlocking" stones, the precise cuts that don’t leave any room for the stones to move and the trapezoid way the windows and doors are built, contribute to this extraordinary feature.

I'm lucky today. It's a holiday and the monastery is closed. But right when I want to enter, a monk comes out and asks me where I'm from. I tell him I'm a German living in Canada. He says his brother lives in Germany and he visited Canada a few years back. He asks me if I wanted to come in and visit the place since I came all the way today. He can let me in if I promise not to damage anything. He says that with a twinkle in his eye. I certainly don't say no to that. I can't believe it, I have the place completely to myself!

This way I can take lot's of photos without any other tourists around. Also no guide that tells me all kinds of stories!

May 2nd:

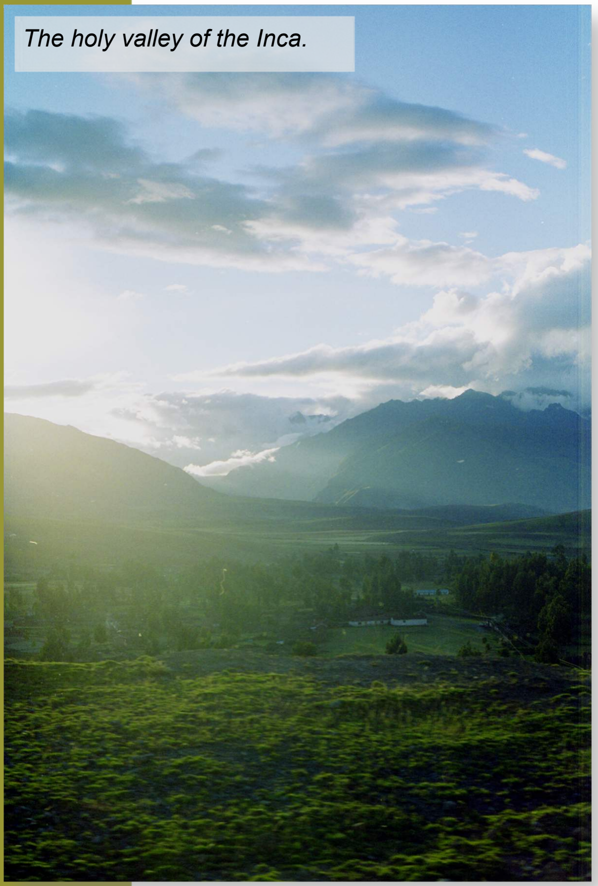
Today, I'm planning a trip to the Holy Valley of the Inca. I want to see the sites of Pisaq and especially Ollantaytambo.

The bus reaches Pisaq around noon. The ruins are scattered around the different hilltops. It's about an hour hike to the main site. The hike is not easy in this high altitude. Up here you can definitely feel your lungs while walking.

More gigantic blocks of granite in Ollantaytambo.

Like most Inca ruins, the main site of Pisaq is astronomically aligned around an even older Megalithic site. Parts of this Megalithic site were carved out of only one piece of granite. Around this site, the Inca built their structures with their famous, very accurate stone-works. These types of wall have only been used for important sites. Other walls on less important sites were "run-of-the-mill" stone walls that can be seen everywhere around the world.

The view of the valley is here especially nice. I'm glad I visited.


The holy valley of the Inca.

Our next stop is the site of Ollantaytambo.

For most tourists, Ollantaytambo is just a train stop on the way to Machu Picchu. For those in the know, Ollantaytambo is one of the most mysterious archaeological sites in Peru, if not in South America. The reason for is the temple high on a hill. This temple is pretty unusual. The stone slabs used here are monstrous and weigh several hundred tons. On top of everything the stones were dragged up a narrow passage and just left there. Everything is unfinished and it looks like the builders left in a hurry.

The fantastic day ends with a visit to Chinchero. The drive there through the holy valley of the Inca with the sun setting through the mountain tops, illuminating the whole valley in a greenish yellow tint is absolutely spectacular.

The night market of Chinchero is worth a visit.

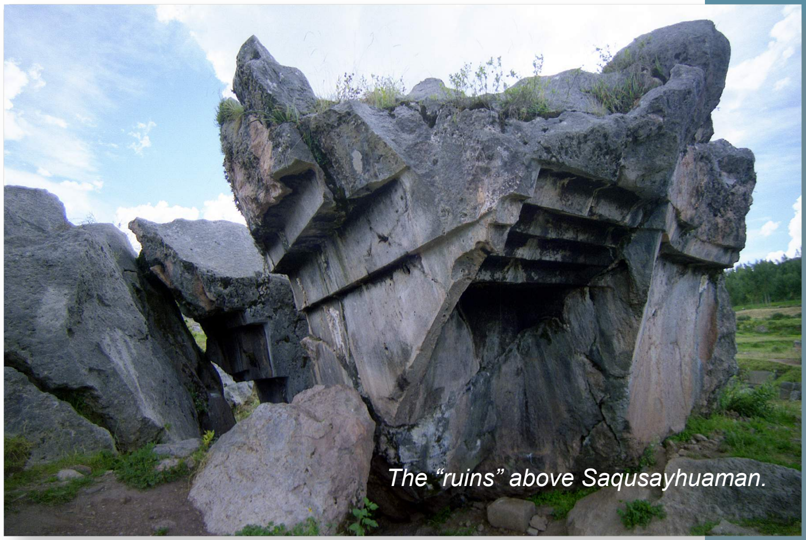
Chinchero is an idyllic little town with a big square and a nice little church. Today is market day. The market runs well into the night and with candle light it is one of the most intriguing sights. The market doesn't feel like the usual tourist markets. It seems much more genuine.

It is the end of a fantastic day. At midnight I return to the hotel in Cuzco, which costs a stunning $8 per night and is actually very nice.

Tomorrow I will sleep in and take it easy.

May 3rd:

I sleep in and have a late breakfast. Finally, I can eat a bit more. In this altitude everything you eat causes the body to use a lot of energy to digest. You eat and right after you feel exhausted and tired. That's on part of the effects of the altitude you rarely hear about.


The “ruins” above Saqusayhuaman.

In the afternoon I visit the Quenqo again as it is only 20 minutes away from the hotel. I don't want to do much today as tomorrow will be a long day again. I booked a tour to Machu Picchu.

May 4th:

The travel guide says: "If you haven't seen Machu Picchu, you haven't seen Peru!" And nobody should say that I haven't seen Peru. Machu Picchu is certainly THE tourist magnet of South America. In Peru, everything is pretty inexpensive but Machu Picchu is the exception. The government is operating a train that goes from Cuzco to Agua Calientes, the little town below the ancient site of Machu Picchu. The train ticket and the entrance fee to the site is rather expensive. If

The train arrives in Aguas Calientes near Machi Picchu

Machu Picchu

you think you can get there cheaper or you can escape the tourist masses, think again.

Of course hiking enthusiasts can walk the Inca Trail, but this means booking at least three months in advance. I also can't see the enjoyment of walking for one week in that altitude. I admit, I have never been a hiker and I don't think this will change much in the future.

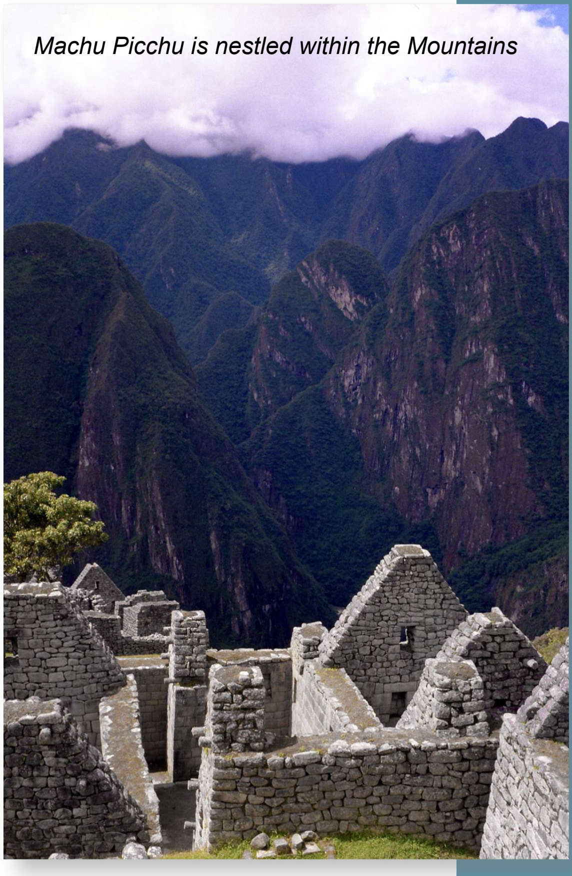
The trip starts at an ungodly hour. At 5:00 am I sit in the train at the Cuzco train station. The train features wooden benches, no luxury here, just "adventure". The official trains to Machu Picchu are all painted blue and yellow, so tourists can't miss them.

The train climbs out of Cuzco with a switch back system as Cuzco is located in a bowl between high mountains. “To make Cuzco accessible by train was quite an engineering challenge...”, a guy from the US tells me. He is a train enthusiasts and takes the ride to Machu Picchu mainly because of the train ride. We all have different interests, he comes to Peru because of the trains, I come here because aliens might have been here in the past. Diversity is what makes us human, if we would all be the same, we would lose what makes us who we are.

Our train is slowly rolling by the poorest parts of Cuzco and it makes me wonder were the money that all the tourists spend to see Machu Picchu, actually goes. The train ride is really nice, I take photos of the jungle outside. My train enthusiast friend takes photos of the inside of the car. I learn that the benches we sit on are original from 1931. I think I saw a monkey on the tree outside...

The 122 km trip from Cuzco to Agua Calientes takes 4 hours. To walk the Inca Trail takes 4 days or more. I definitely prefer the train.

The little town Agua Calientes is a bit of a nightmare. Everything is geared towards tourism. Souvenir shops of the worst sort line the streets. It's amazing that everywhere in the world where there are big attractions, the surroundings morph into the same cheap rip-off culture. No matter if you visit the leaning tower of Pisa, the Eifel Tower, the Pyramids or Machu Picchu, it seems that if we want to look at something cultural we all seem to have the urge to buy the cheapest plastic crap possible and fake Rolex watches. What's amazing is that in all my years of traveling all over the world, I have never seen anybody that actually buys that plastic crap. Simple rules of the free market should take care of that, one would think.


Machu Picchu is nestled within the Mountains

Enjoying the view...

The surroundings of Agua Calientes are quite nice. The little town is surrounded by spectacular mountains, lush green jungle with all kinds of exotic animals in the trees and the river Urubamba flows right through town.

The river is currently extremely high. Three weeks before I arrived, extreme rainfall caused landslides that cut the town off from the rest of the world for almost 5 days. Lots of tourists were trapped in town and food and other supplies had to be airlifted in with helicopters.

Every year nature shows us that to get to Machu Picchu is still an adventure. Sadly, every year hikers die on the Inca trail because of landslides and exhaustion. Stories like these are suppressed by the Peruvian government in fear that the tourists will stay away and therefore rarely get published in the news of the western world.

Today the weather is nice, though. The air is hot and humid. Of course you can hike up to Machu Picchu from the town if you want. A winding path leads up to the site and the climb takes about 6 hours. Not for me. I choose the easy way and take one of the shuttle buses that brings visitors right up a switch back road to the main entrance of the site. For $180 per night you can stay up here in the Luxury Hotel "Machu Picchu Ruins" and can either have some of the most magical sunsets ever or get totally rained and fogged out. It all depends on your luck, not your wallet.

Today I'm lucky. The weather couldn't be better. The majestic cumulus clouds make the site look even more impressive.

What Aguas Calientes lacks of ambience, Machu Picchu makes up for ten times over. The site is hard to describe. Hundreds of photos are taken every year, but very few photographs come close to what the site looks in person. My theory "if you want to get to the best places on Earth - you have to follow the ancients" comes to life here.

The site is located high up a mountain top and is not visible from Aguas Calientes below.

The views are simply stunning. No matter which direction I look, I feel I'm in a movie rather then being really here. The temperature is a fantastic 24 degrees Centigrade and a warm, light breeze sweeps around. All the tourists that clogged up Agua Calientes below seem to have disappeared. I don't know were they went. Maybe the site is just to big and the crowds are lost in it or they stayed down there and admire the cheap plastic souvenirs.

Whatever the reason, I get some photos without crowds and just enjoy the site. For about 3 hours I stroll around, sit in the grass and enjoy the surroundings. What a magical moment!

I take the last bus back down to Aguas Calientes to catch the last train to Cuzco.

We are about two hours into the trip - it's already dark outside - as all over sudden the train stops in the middle of nowhere. It's hot and sticky in the train as all the lights turn off. It's a full moon night and the jungle outside is turned into an eerie blueish tint. It's really quiet now in the train as nobody knows what's going on. If something like this happens there is always an underlying fear that a train/bus is held up by bandits. We all heard the stories, although I have never met anybody that this has actually happened to.

I have a little headlight with me that I bought especially for this trip. It seems I'm the only one. Other tourists gather around me. I guess I'm not the only one with an uneasy feeling. A couple from Israel, asks "Can we sit with you?".

After 45 minutes a female train conductor finally goes through the car. She doesn't have a flashlight either. "Problema?", I ask. "No Problema", she answers. We all start laughing. It seems that it is the most normal thing in the world that the train stops in the middle of the jungle without any lights on.

The famous 12-sided stone in Cuzco.

When she comes back 15 minutes later she says that her supervisor will inform us soon.

I wonder what he will inform us about as there seems to be no problem.

South America at it's best!

After 2 hours in the dark we still don't hear any sound from the Diesel engine, nor did we see any supervisor giving us an update. We are slowly preparing for a long, dark night in the train.

At around midnight - some people are already asleep on the floor - we hear the sound of a Diesel engine coming to life. The lights turn on. A big cheer goes through the train as it starts rolling again.

Now the conductor tries to make up time by driving way too fast. Why would it matter now? The vintage train and all the cars make creaking sounds. Now we are looking at each other. Words like "The idiots will kill us..." are heard.

At the next stop in Ollantaytambo, I don't want to risk it anymore and get out. Thank god there is still a bus to Cuzco here. It must have waited for the train to arrive. After half an hour the bus finally arrives in Cuzco. I'm really tired, but there is yet another little surprise.

There are no taxis at this station, they all went home already. The bus driver tells the Israeli couple - who also took the bus- and myself, that the next Taxis are about a 15 minutes walk away. "That way!", he points. I ask if he wouldn't be so nice to drive us there, it must only be a couple of minutes with a vehicle. He refuses, his shift ended 4 hours ago. It's bed time now.

So the three of us head out in the night. Scary. We arrive at the taxi stand 10 minutes later. We walked fast.

May 5th:

When I go for breakfast around 9 am, I meet other tourists who used the train from last night. They say the train broke down once more and they spend another three hours between Ollantaytambo and Cuzco. Thank god I got out when I did.

I don't feel like doing much today. I stroll through Cuzco and do a little shopping for loved ones at home. A nice silver necklace for my girlfriend, some ponchos for my mother and sister.

If you like artisans and high quality wool products, Cuzco is heaven on Earth. The prices are great. Next time I come here, I won't even bring a jacket. I just buy it here. That saves on baggage and helps the local economy. After all the ancient sites I visited, it feels nice just to hang out in Cuzco. I'm always wary to eat in restaurants during my trips, as I don't want to get sick and save money, but today I go to a nice looking one right across the hotel. It was recommended by other guests and the friendly guy at the reception. It turns out that the food is excellent, very tasty. The neighboring table gets served "cuy", Guinea Pig on a stick. The Guinea Pig is still VERY recognizable as such. I don't think I could eat it. It's a rodent, no thanks! I still have the taste of Llama in Tiahuanaco on my taste buds...

In the evening I book a flight back from Cuzco to Lima for tomorrow. It is unbelievable how easy everything works here regarding transportation. Our western oriented countries could learn a thing or two about public transport from Peru and Bolivia. Cheap, effective and always available.

May 6th:

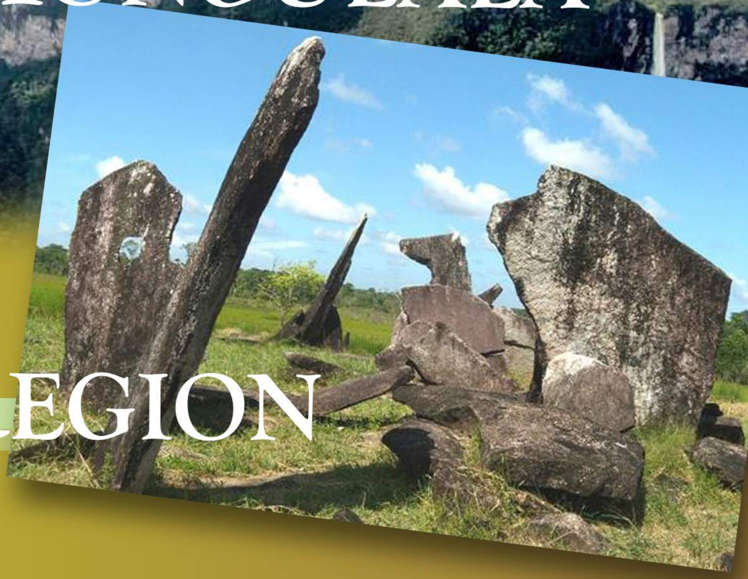
My trip is coming to an end. Today I'm going back to Lima and tomorrow I'm going home. The flight to Lima from Cuzco only takes 1.5 hours. I arrive at 9:00am. I book another room in the Hotel I was in Lima before. The name is Hotel El Patio. I highly recommend it if you are in Lima. I stroll one last time through Lima and visit the Anthropology museum again.

May 7th:

I'm going home. What a great trip it was! I will definitely be back.

THE SACRED TRADITION OF THE UGHA MONGULALA

EXPEDITION TO THE AMAZON REGION



Article by Rafael Videla-Eissmann

July to August of 2018, the team of ***Akakor Geographical Exploring***, led by Lorenzo Epis, has planned an expedition into the Amazon jungle of Brazil, looking for the traces of the mythical tradition of the Ugha Mongulala. The first report from this expedition is presented here exclusively.

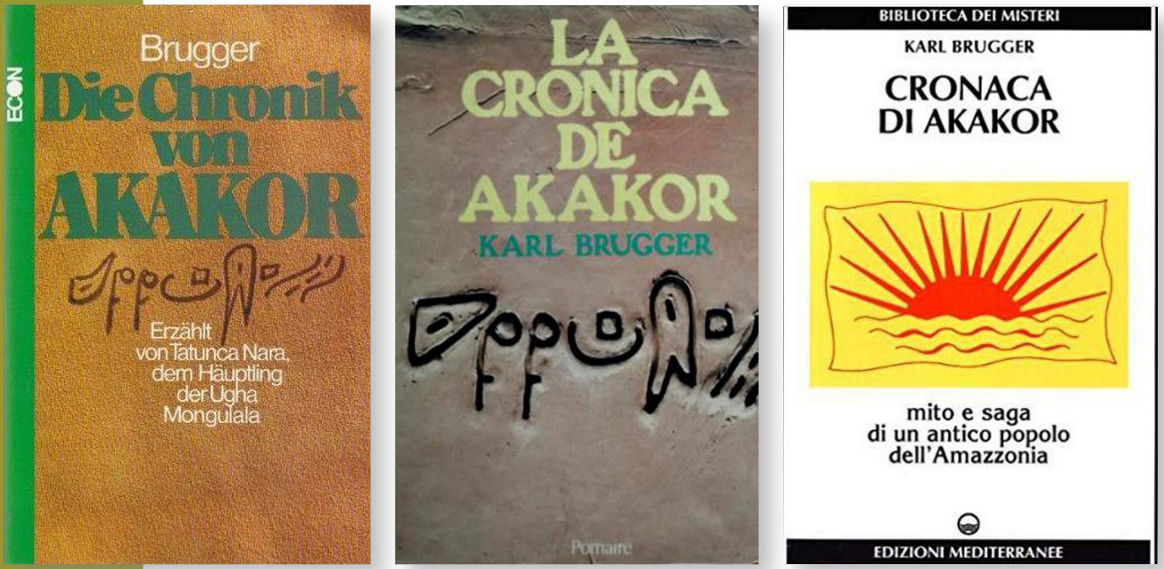
The Empire of the Gods

One of the most controversial and fascinating ethnographic books in recent history appeared in 1976. A German journalist published a sensational and untold indigenous tradition of South America: A native chief told him the origins of his people – a tribe in the Amazon jungle – who, by their own accounts, were instructed by visitors from the cosmos!
These *visitors* or *gods* also built two portentous cities in the depths of South America - *the empire of the gods!* This is the land where in the mists of time created mysterious cities such as Tiahuanaco / Puma Punku, Cuzco and Machu Picchu. Marvelous sites like the Nazca Lines, the geoglyphs of Huara and *El Enladrillado* – among numerous others – were designed to preserve the memory of the gods. The presence of the gods and their doing is the core - or better the real essence - of the cultural base of aboriginal America: The path of the Hówen, the Antuipanko, the Viracochas, the "People of the Stars", the Kukulkanes, the Quetzalcoatls and the Katchinas have raised the basis of every single aspect of culture and civilization from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska.

> I do not doubt at any time of the existence of the cities. How could I doubt it? I myself have seen part of one of them and what I observed there has made my return imperative (...). Between the outer world and the secrets of ancient South America, a veil has descended and the explorer who desires to draw it back must be prepared to sustain dangers that will test his resistance to an incredible limit. It is likely that this will not happen but he succeeds, he will be in a position to expand our knowledge of history.
> ***P. H. Fawcett***

Thus, the existence of the *gods* and their settlements – their "cities" and "temples" – are the very basis of all pre-Hispanic manifestations as it can be concluded with the understanding of the *crónicas* and more specifically with the native traditions. It is not an exaggeration to state that the *gods* once ruled over the Americas. The myths, the archaeological vestiges and later the European *crónicas* are the undeniable proof of this assertion. Nevertheless, the main difference in the case documented in 1976 is that the information consigned by the journalist was not based in any pre-Hispanic record, *códice* or *crónica* but rather in a contemporary testimony that could simply crack all the paradigms of anthropology and histography. Therefore, it would affect the understanding of the origin and the destiny of mankind. The journalist in questionon was Karl Brugger (1942-1984) and the book he wrote is *The Chronicle of Akakor. Reported by Tatunca Nara, Chief of the Ugha Mongulala* (1976). The informer of the tradition is Tatunca Nara, the very last descendant of his people.

"Die Chronik von Akakor"

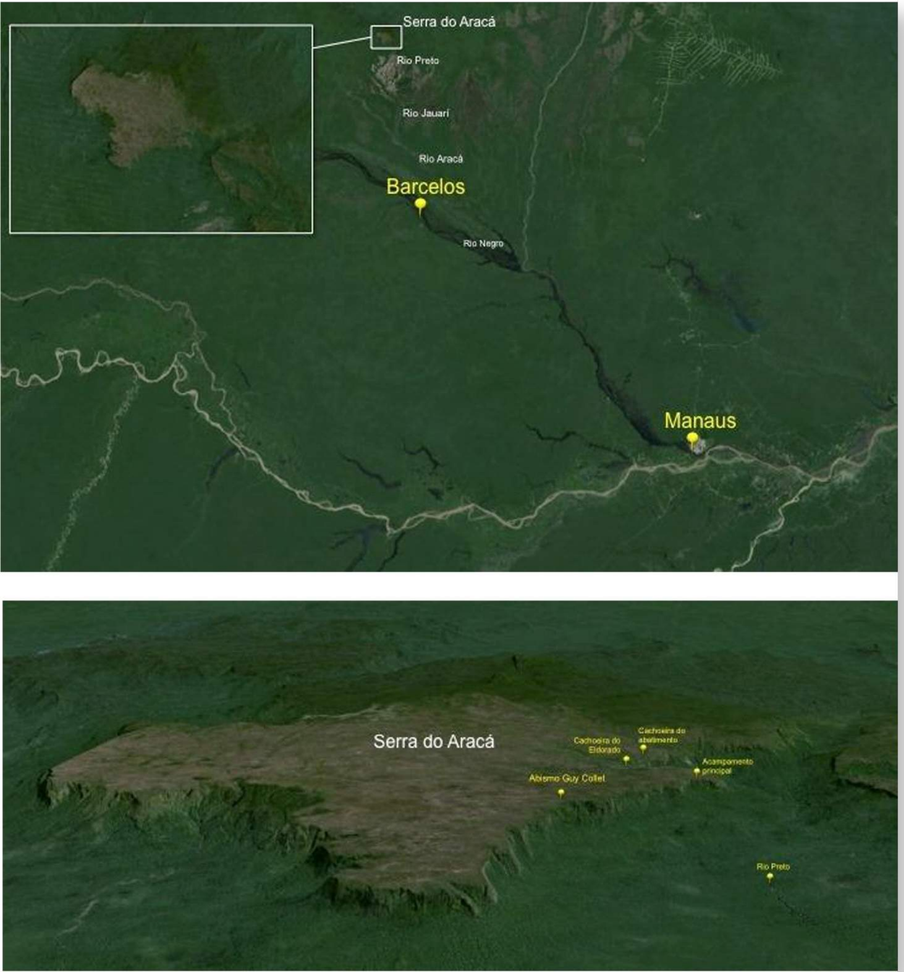


Some of the main editions of The Chronicle of Akakor by Karl Brugger. They correspond to the German, Spanish and Italian versions of 1976, 1978 and 1996 respectively.

Karl Brugger was a journalist who specialized in indigenous cultures of South America, especially of the Amazon region. Brugger met Tatunca Nara in the city of Manaus in Brazil in 1972 and after several sessions, Brugger compiled what he claimed to be *The Chronicle of Akakor* ("Die Chronik von Akakor, Erzählt von Tatunca Nara, dem Häuptling der Ugha Mongulala", Econ Publishing 1976), which appeared originally in Düsseldorf (Germany) and Vienna (Austria) in 1976. Soon after, it was translated and published in different European languages. The book had an impact, indeed: An indigenous chief claims the arrival of extraterrestrial beings and their influence over his tribe in the Amazon region in ancient times! Without a doubt, this peculiar *chronicle* asserted the main basis of PaleoSETI and the glimpse of a *new* Troy in the heart of South America! But could all this be possible? Could the tradition referred by Tatunca Nara be real? What was the proof that either Tatunca Nara or Karl Brugger could provide to verify the existence of this astonishing account? Logically and from the start, believers would be fascinated by *The Chronicle of Akakor* and the Amazonian mystery, while critics would simply reject even the possibility of it. The former close to the efforts made by the postulates of PaleoSETI while the latter would defend the fragile fields of the orthodox vision of history. One way or the other, the traces of the Ugha Mongulala should become known: By means of mythical and fragmented oral traditions, symbols and ideographies, objects, settlements and the tribe itself... Above all, the imperative question: Where is the evidence?

Right: From left to right: Clark Darlton, Tatunca Nara and Erich von Däniken in Rio de Janeiro in 1982. Left: German journalist Karl Brugger (Ca. 1976). [Photo provided by the Author]

Surprisingly, besides some failed attempts - for different reasons - no single and formal archaeological and anthropological research has taken place until now. Certainly, the environmental conditions of the Amazon – as a reference point Manaus has an annual average temperature of 27,4°C and a average precipitation is 2145 mm – and especially the regions in which the *cities of the gods* would be located, make any attempt of an expedition a very difficult task. Moreover, the same environmental factors would make it challenging and almost impossible due to the high erosion levels of the preservation and the eventual discovery of any archaeological evidence. This does not mean that the evidence cannot be found or that the tradition Tatunca Nara has communicated is not real. It only means that there has not been a methodical and systematical line of study to prove or to deny it. However, although precise fields presented in Brugger's *The Chronicle of Akakor* are manifest to the pre-Hispanic world, there are many others that simply are awkward and not viable to the specialists. *The Chronicle of Akakor* is presented as a complete codex of the Ugha Mongulala notwithstanding the fact that it is a ±12,000 years old culture which even if it has an alphabet or ideographic/pictograph-



A general map of the region and of Cerra do Aracá, respectively, in the State of Amazonas in Brazil, the scenario of the expedition of Akakor Geographical Exploring carried together with Tatunca Nara in July-August 2018 (Image: Daniel Menin and Carlos Grohmann, 2015).

ic system, would not necessary mean that Tatunca Nara should know it or that he should have informed Brugger as he presented it in his book.

As a matter of fact, *The Chronicle of Akakor* seems more like an ethnographic 'novel' with a sensational story rather than a methodical ethnographical study. The attentive reading of Brugger's *The Chronicle of Akakor* concludes an integral report on the surface, but is insubstantial in its bases. Therefore, the tradition expounded by Tatunca Nara was presented with serious alterations and inaccuracies by Brugger in his work. This, even though it is true that Brugger met Tatunca Nara, the "books" – such as "The Book of the Jaguar", "The Book of the Eagle", "The Book of the Ant" and "The Book of the Water Serpent"– which compose *The Chronicle of Akakor* are simply inventions. Likewise, many of the characters sketched in it are not real and considerable aspects of the Ugha Mongulala culture are artificially contrived by the author with the object presumably to give a complete perspective of something that it is not. Tatunca Nara himself has declared that the book of Brugger is mostly fiction, an invention. Tatunca Nara denies several parts of it as for example the existence of *The Chronicle of Akakor* itself; the origins of the *gods* in the *Constellation of Schwerta*; the city of Akanis and the *thirteen underground cities of the gods*; many of the 'characters' of the book –such as Ina, Uma, Madus, Llhasa, Samón and Maid– and the arrival of the Goths (Ca. 6th century A. D.) to the Amazon.

What were Brugger's reasons to invent all these things? Was it in order to artificially complement the fragmentary tradition given by Tatunca Nara? Was it for mere commercial reasons? There are two major aspects that have remained significantly unknown concerning the Bugger's book: Although it is clear in the book that the tradition of the Ugha Mongulala was communicated by Tatunca Nara, he was unaware of the publication of the book in Europe and hence he could not possibly know the alterations and inaccuracies set by Brugger. Paradoxically, every single field related to Karl Brugger became a mystery as he got killed in Rio de Janeiro on January 3, 1984. His murder and the real motives for the assassination have never solved.

Defamation

Could a fair skinned man claim to be a native of the Amazon? Wouldn't this claim break the general view about the stereotyped indigenous people in South America? Wouldn't this in term imply that there have been other indigenous people and therefore, other remote origins at least in some of the cultural layers of the continent? Can the tradition of the Ugha Mongulala transmitted by Tatunca Nara then have any real basis? Much of the orthodox historiography of South America and eventually of the world could be altered by a discovery that would reinforce any of the views of Tatunca Nara. Just like any ground breaking idea, the main proposals by the PaleoSETI theory ought to be opposed by critics in various ways. The pillars of the prevailing Zeitgeist must defend its validity to perpetuate itself. Thus it should come as a surprise that the attacks against Tatunca Nara appeared almost systematically ever since the appearance of the book by Karl Brugger and have kept their intentions up until now. In this particular case, what are the means to fulfill such goal? Through the destruction of a person's public image to undermine his credibility: Tatunca Nara has been implicitly accused of a crime – the disappearance and death of three explorers –, a fact that simply requires a formal investigation by the competent authorities with the clear and certain purpose of doing justice. Puzzlingly, this has been the "case against Tatunca Nara" which despite the accusations against him they have not persisted for lack of evidence. This menas that all the claims should be considered slander which in any Western country would simply mean a demand for defamation and even a libel because what has taken place here in fact has

Tatunca Nara, the last descendant of the Ugha Mongulala. It is he who has communicated the tradition of his people and of the gods that descended from the stars and founded Akakor and Akahim. *[Photo provided by the Author]*

been the communication of an accusation that has caused the detriment to the honor, dignity and reputation of one person: Tatunca Nara [1]. Tatunca Nara has never been prosecuted and condemned in any country. Clarifying this tendentious and murky event, what really matters – what should really matter – is the communication of the sacred tradition of the Ugha Mongulala imparted by Tatunca Nara.

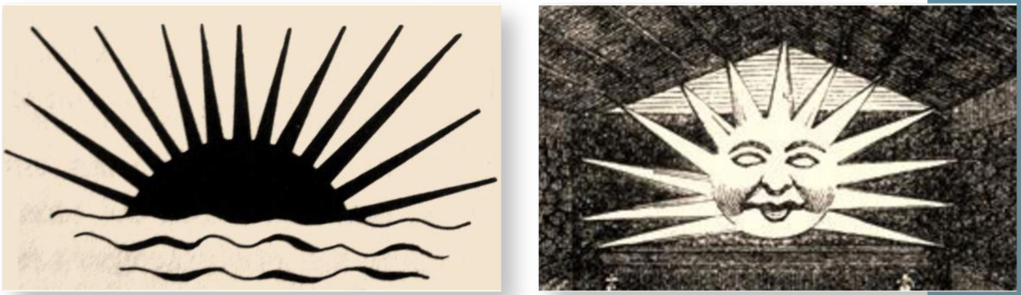
The Mythical History and the Traces of a Lost Tribe in the Amazon

The mythological history and the traces of a lost tribe in the Amazon of the Ugha Mongulala correspond to a cultural group practically unknown in the Amazon of Brazil and Peru and a part of Bolivia, within an extensive zone that includes approximately from 3º latitude north, to 15º latitude south and from 65º to 73º longitude west. The cultural tradition of the Ugha Mongulala was communicated initially by Tatunca Nara towards the beginning of the seventies of the twentieth century. Tatunca Nara claims to be the last descendant of this group. According to the tradition transcribed July-August 2018 by Tatunca Nara; *Tatunca* means "Great Water Serpent" and *Nara* means 'I do not know' as this was his reply when officers asked him for his family last name – and around 12,000 years ago *the gods arrived to Earth* [2].

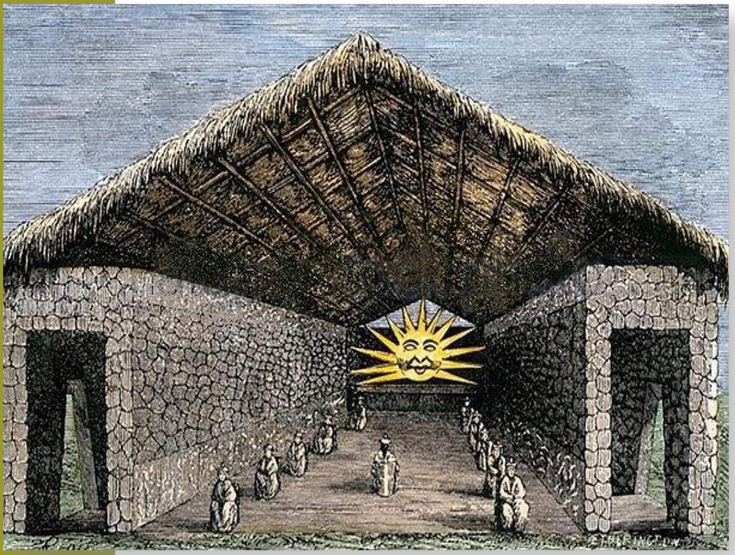
The origin of the *gods* is unknown. The tradition refers only that they arrived from the cosmos to Earth and that they instructed the Ugha Mongulala. It is not known if the *gods* "created" the Ugha Mongulala or if they existed already at the time of the arrival of the *gods* and were only instructed by them. The name of the *gods* and their language are sacred. And, consequently, they are cannot be communicated. These civilizing *gods* – or "cultural heroes" in anthropological terms – are figures who laid the cultural foundations and that instructed the Ugha Mongulala in certain knowledge of religion, agriculture, writing and astronomy. The gods founded the first city called *Akakor* and also the city-fortress of *Akahim*. *Akakor* is located in the Amazonian Andes of Peru and *Akahim* in the northern Amazon, between Brazil and Venezuela. The *gods* possessed an unknown "technology" that included "ships" or "vehicles" with which they moved. The priests constitute a kind of "Assembly" or "Supreme Council" around a "guide" or "chief". This "chief" belongs to the royal lineage of the Ugha Mongulala. Their concept of religion is based on nature, in the sense of life through the various cyclical manifestations of nature. Their calendar system is based on the lunar phases. In the same way, they have the idea of "great cycles", namely, the succession of phases or periods that start and end with specific moments defined with great catastrophic processes and floods.

The Ugha Mongulala carried out diverse activities like harvest and agriculture. Their emblem is the Sun rising from the waters that projects thirteen rays. The thirteen rays represent the phases of the Moon (synodic months). The emblem, for this reason, projects a tetra-functional nature: As a symbol of the two main heavenly bodies – the Sun and the Moon – and their life-giving forces as well as their rhythmic periodicity: The two time records or lunar/solar calendar.

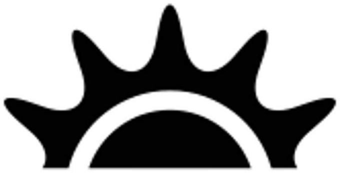
The symbol and the shape of this emblem can be observed in numerous 'head-dresses' or tiaras of the god-men representations of the Americas virtually from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska. The anthropomorphic figures are the Huari-Huarijochas, the civilizing *gods* who irradiated the knowledge or better the *sacred science*s throughout the continent. Appropriately, the tradition speaks of the eponymous lineage of the *Sons of the Sun*. The god-men of the Americas. The thirteen rays or moons can be seen in numerous motives as well.



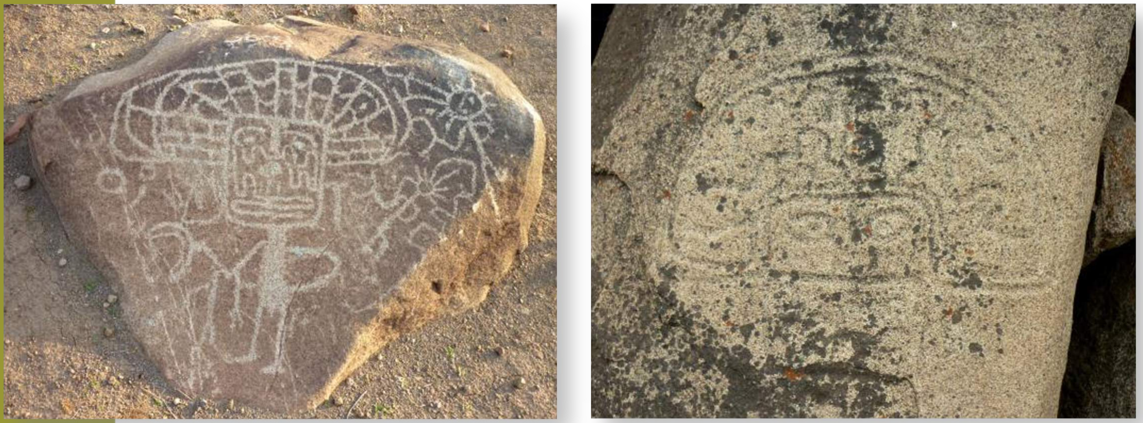
Symbolic keys of the pre-Hispanic world. Left: The emblem of the Ugha Mongulala according to Tatunca Nara. It is the Sun emerging from the waters projecting thirteen rays. Right: A detail of an engraving of the Sun God or Inti inside the temple of Coricancha in Cuzco, the capital of the Tahuantinsuyu, that is, the "Empire of the Four Regions". The solar effigy has been based on descriptions of sixteenth-century chronicles. The engraving appeared in the book Voyage à travers l'Amérique du Sud (1869) by Paul Marcoy (Seud, Laurent Saint Cricq).



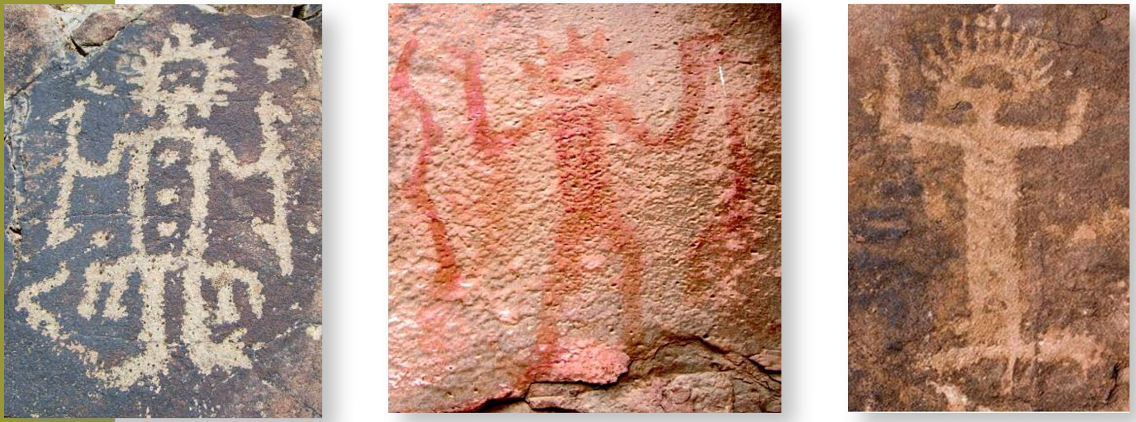
The Inca temple of Coricancha in Cuzco, the capital city of the Tahuantinsuyu, with its Inti or Sun God. It is the emblem of the Ugha Mongulala (Paul Marcoy, Voyage à travers l'Amérique du Sud, 1869).



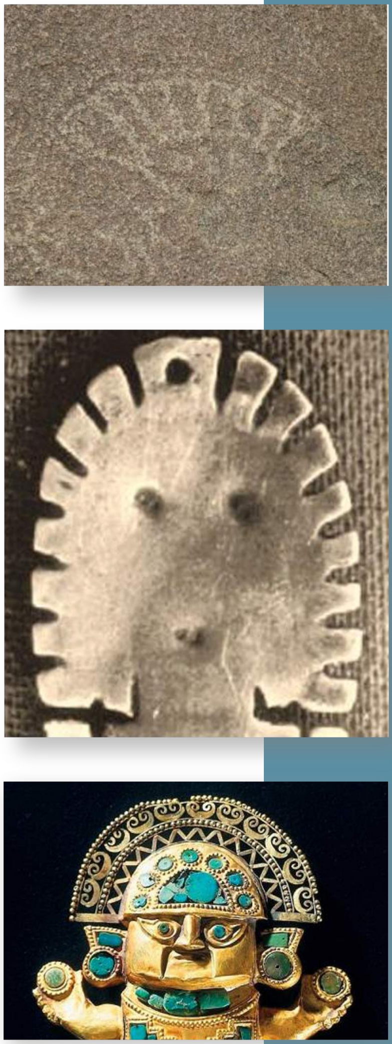
Graphical simplification of the symbol.



Petroglyphic representations of the Huarijochas in Monte Patria and Valle del Encanto, respectively, in the Region of Coquimbo in Chile. Their 'headdresses' or tiaras evoke the solar emblem of the Ugha Mongulala. [Photos provided by the Author]

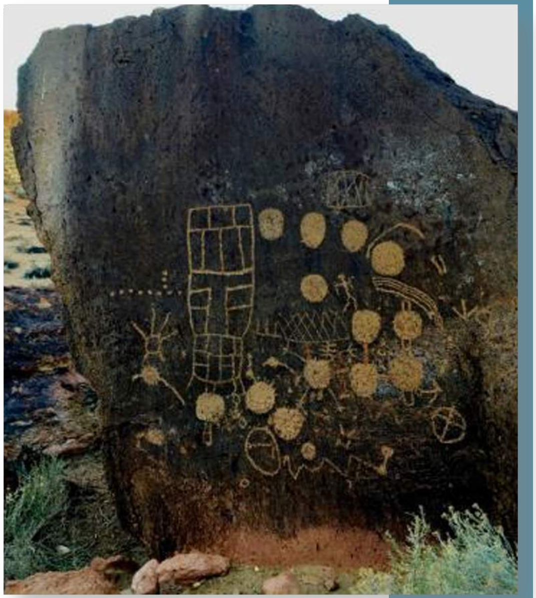


Right: A petroglyph of Tauapácac Ticci Viracocha, the Lord of the Poles in Chusmiza, in the Region of Tarapacá, in northern Chile. The figure emits rays from his head. It also carries the staffs or saturris of the Andean magical-religious tradition. Center: A petrographic representation of Tauapácac Ticci Viracocha on the site of Ariquilda in Tara, in the Region of Antofagasta, also in the north of Chile. Left: One of the petroglyphs of the Viracochas in the vicinity of Laguna Colorada, in the Province of Tucumán, Argentina. [Photos provided by the Author]



Top*: A "tiara head" petroglyph in the Valle del Encanto –the Valley of the Gods– in the Region of Coquimbo in Chile.*
Center*: A detail of a gold figure depicting Tauapácac Ticci Viracocha which was discovered in Guatacondo, a pre-Hispanic citadel located southeast of Iquique in the Region of Tarapacá, in northern Chile.*
Bottom*: A detail of a Tumi or ceremonial knife of the Chimú civilization of the north coast of Peru. In general, the same idea outlined in the solar emblem of the Ugha Mongulala is observed in all these pre-Hispanic representations: It is the Sun emanating from a plane line –the base or source, that is, the "waters"– and the projection through the rays –the radiating linear tiaras or headdresses that emerge from the heads–. In symbolic terms they constitute the eponymous lineage of the Sons of the Sun. The Viracochas, the god-men of the Americas.* [Photos provided by the Author]

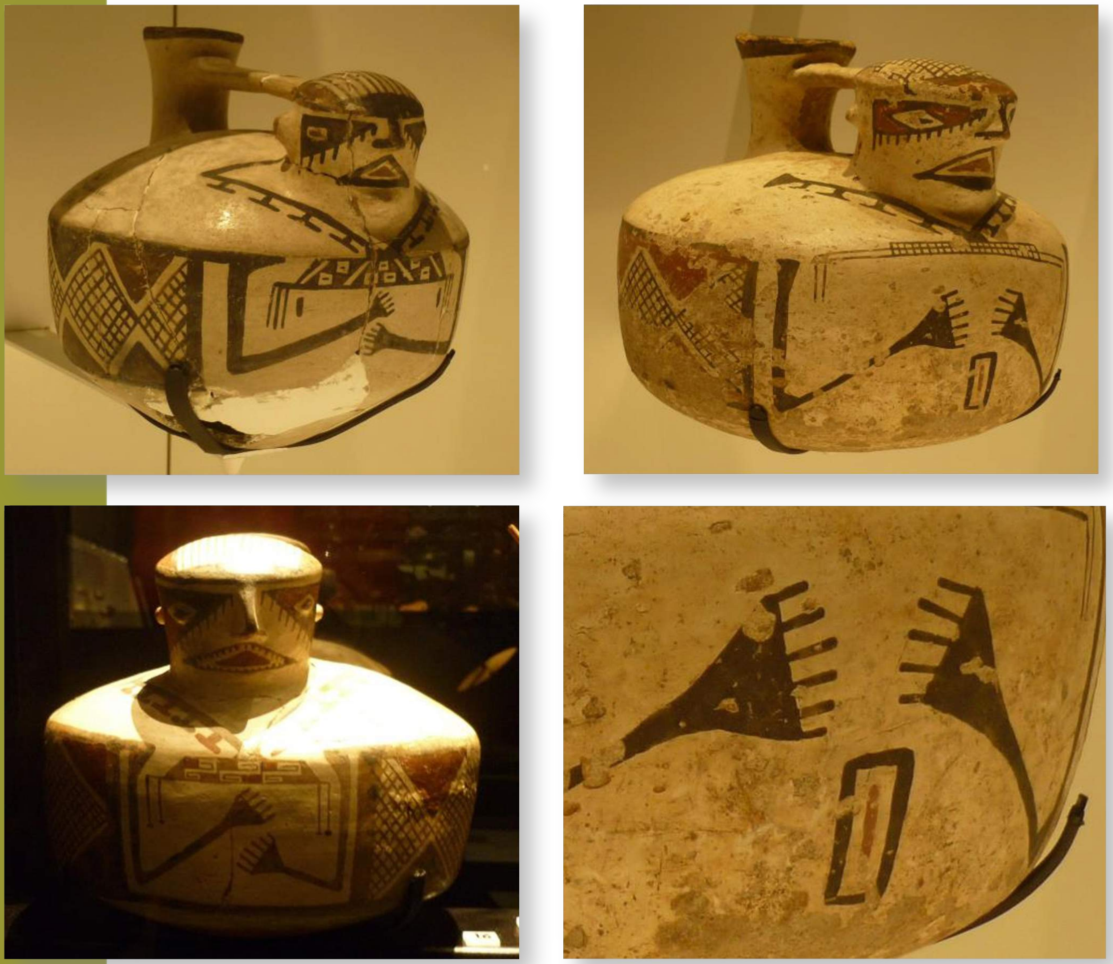
Left: A gold representation of Naylamp, the founding deity of the Moche culture of Lambayeque, in Peru. After ascending to heaven to reunite with his parents, a goldsmith forged in gold the effigy of Naylamp that later became the ceremonial knife or Tumi of the Andean world. Center: A gold pectoral found in the Quimbaya territory of Calarcá in Quindío, Colombia. Right: A gold carved figure discovered in Tolima, Colombia. The headdresses of all these figures evoke the Sun of the Ugha Mongulala. [Photos provided by the Author]



Left: A Lambayeque gold pectoral. The anthropomorphic figure has two 'horns' that resemble the Ugha Mongulala emblem: Two suns with twelve-thirteen rays/moons. Center: A petroglyph that depicts a "mask" in the Hutu Farallon, in the Suero and Cama Community, District of Yauri of the Cuzco Region, Peru. Notice the thirteen milestones under the mask. Right: The Thirteen Moons petroglyph at Volcanic Tablelands in Bishop, California, USA. [Photos provided by the Author]

The "Controversy"

Naturally, the expositors of the orthodox historiography, who knew about *The Chronicle of Akakor,* rejected the existence of the Ugha Mongulala because of the main subjects revealed by Tatunca Nara: First of all the arrival of the *gods* from the firmament and their civilizing role. Secondly, the ethnic characteristics of the Ugha Mongulala described by Tatunca Nara as "fair skinned and tall". Thirdly, the antiquity of this group – ±12,000 years – which has endured at least two "Great Catastrophes" which motivated its migration to Akakor, *the City of the Gods.* Finally, the fact that the only source that accounts for the existence of the Ugha Mongulala is Tatunca Nara himself. The so called "controversy" and the subsequent process of discrediting and defamation to which Tatunca Nara was exposed, can be explained by four main subjects. To start with, the presence of the gods that arrived from the stars is an event that contravenes current scientific views imposing on the origin of mankind. Ethnicity and survival through the great eras are also fields refuted by 'official' science. But do the subjects mentioned by Tatunca Nara have any connection with the mythical, symbolical and archaeological vestiges of the continent? Are these subjects in line with well-known patterns in pre-Hispanic America?

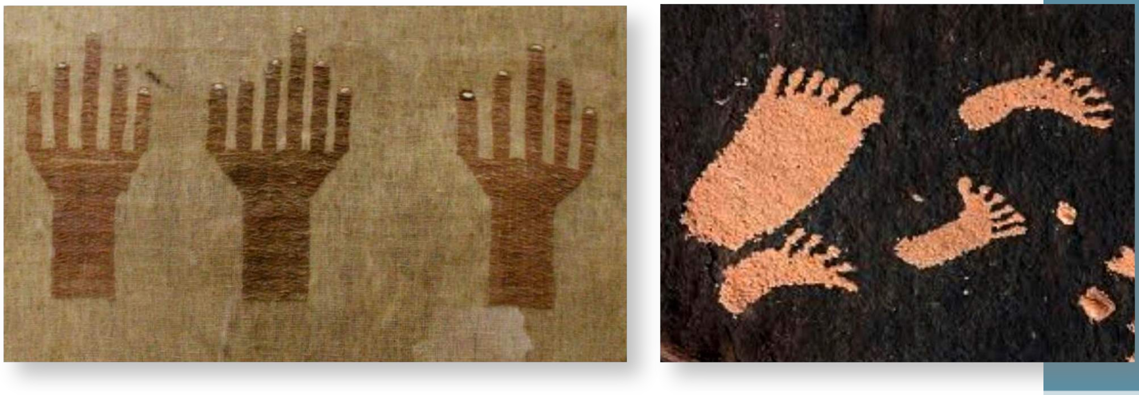


Six fingered anthropomorphic figures of the Diaguita Culture of the north of Chile (Museo Chileno de Arte Precolombino). *[Photos provided by the Author]*

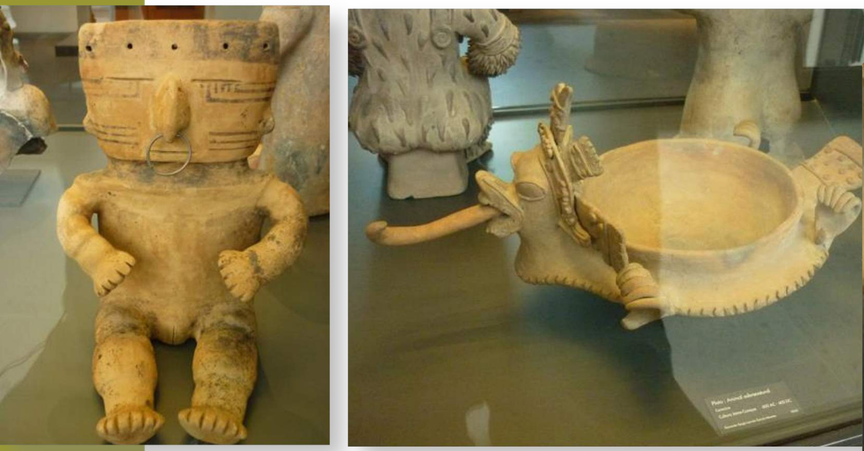
The Gods

Paradoxically, the tradition of the Ugha Mongulala referred by Tatunca Nara about the *gods* fits perfectly with the mythical tradition – *the Mythos Legein* – of pre-Hispanic America – and positively of pre-Christian Europe, Mesopotamia and Asia: Traces of the *Mythos* are the Hówen of the Selk'nam lore of Tierra del Fuego; the Antuipanko of the Lituche-Araucano substrate of Chile; the Huaracocha-Viracochas of Tiahuanaco and the Andean world in general; BepKororoti in various Amazonian groups; the "People of the Stars" of the Venezuelan legend; the Kukulkanes and Quetzalcoatls in Mesoamerica and the Katchinas in North America, to mention a few prominent examples. In accordance with Tatunca Nara, the *gods arrived* on Earth around 12,000 years ago. They built the underground cities of Akakor and Akahim where they have resided. Tatunca Nara has declared that the *gods* are "similar to us" – describing them as "fair skinned and tall"– yet with one specific difference: The *gods* have six fingers on their hands and six toes on their feet. And this most unusual characteristic - amazingly - does have a counterparts in pre-Hispanic iconography! As a matter of fact, certain anthropomorphic figures present this pattern as it happens with the Diaguite culture in the north of Chile. The Diaguita – or better *Dihuitas* – according to Professor Roberto Rengifo, were a local manifestation of the Chiles, who in the Andean highlands would obtain the name of Huaracochas or Viracochas, the *White Gods* [3].

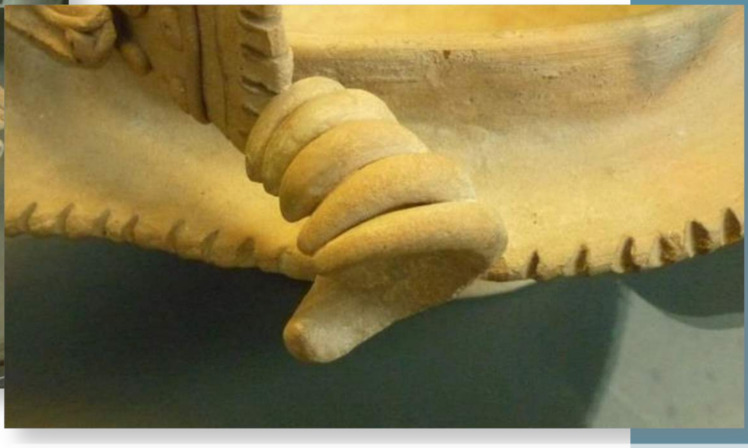
In addition to this, there are several anthropomorphic petroglyphs that depict six fingered beings as well as textiles with the same significant



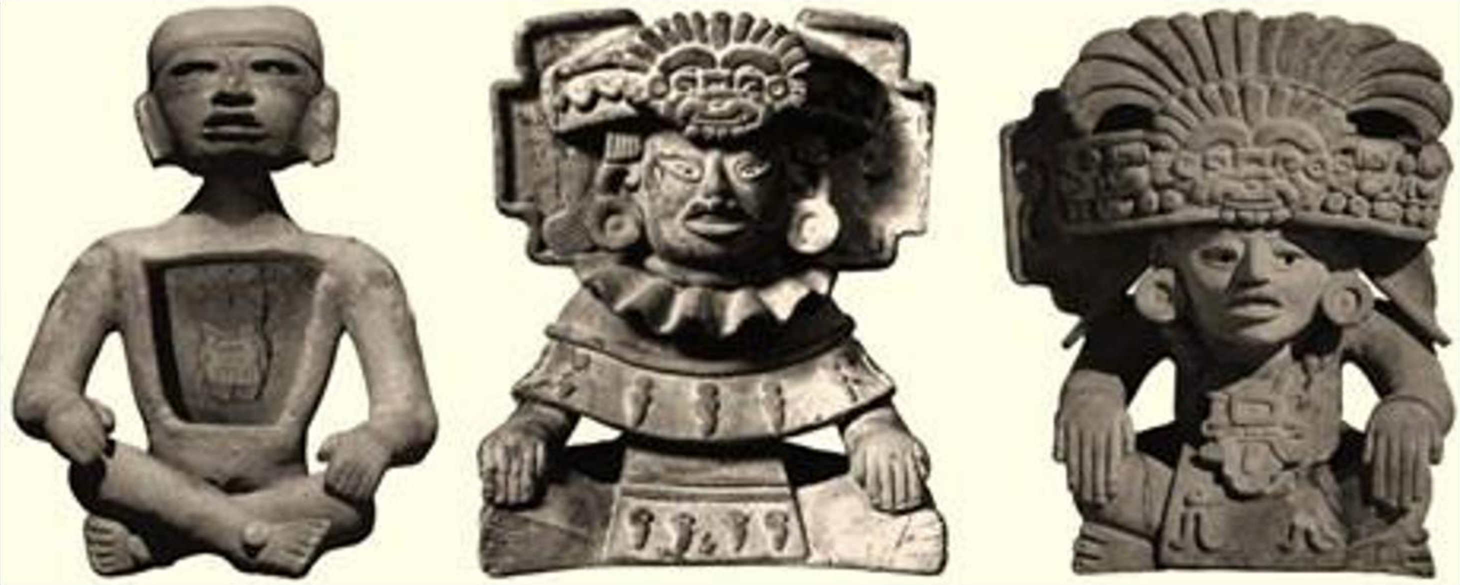
Left: A detail of a pre-Hispanic textile from Peru whose motive is a series of six fingered hands (Museo Textil Precolombino Amano de Lima, Peru). Right: Six-toed Anazadi pictograph at Newspaper Rock in Utah, USA (Image: Maureen A. Hirthler).



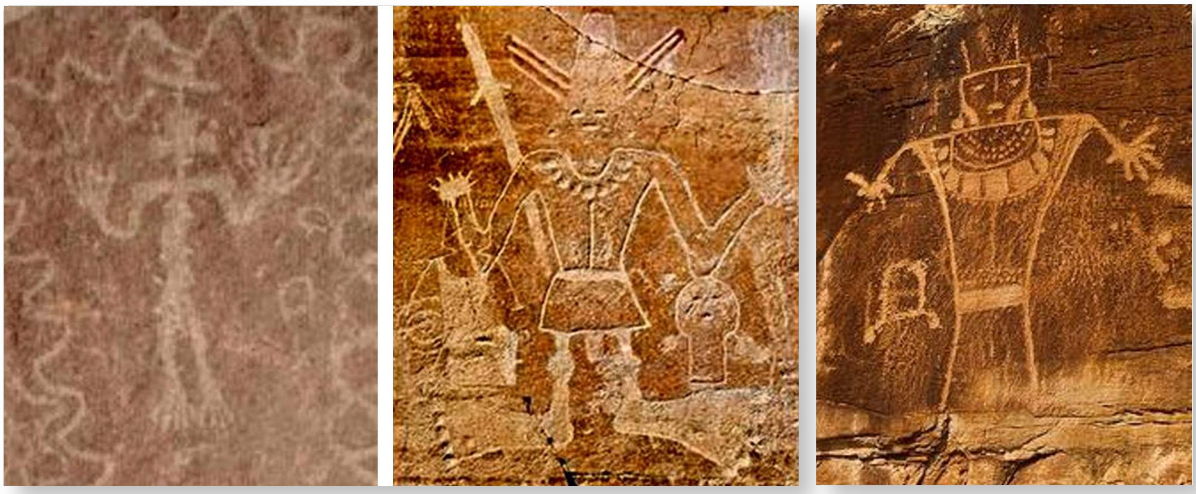
Left: A six fingered clay anthropomorphic Quimbaya figure from Colombia. Right: A clay vessel with a hybrid being from the Jama-Coaque culture of Ecuador. The hybrid has six fingers in each of his four "hands" (Museo Chileno de Arte Precolombino). [Photos provided by the Author]



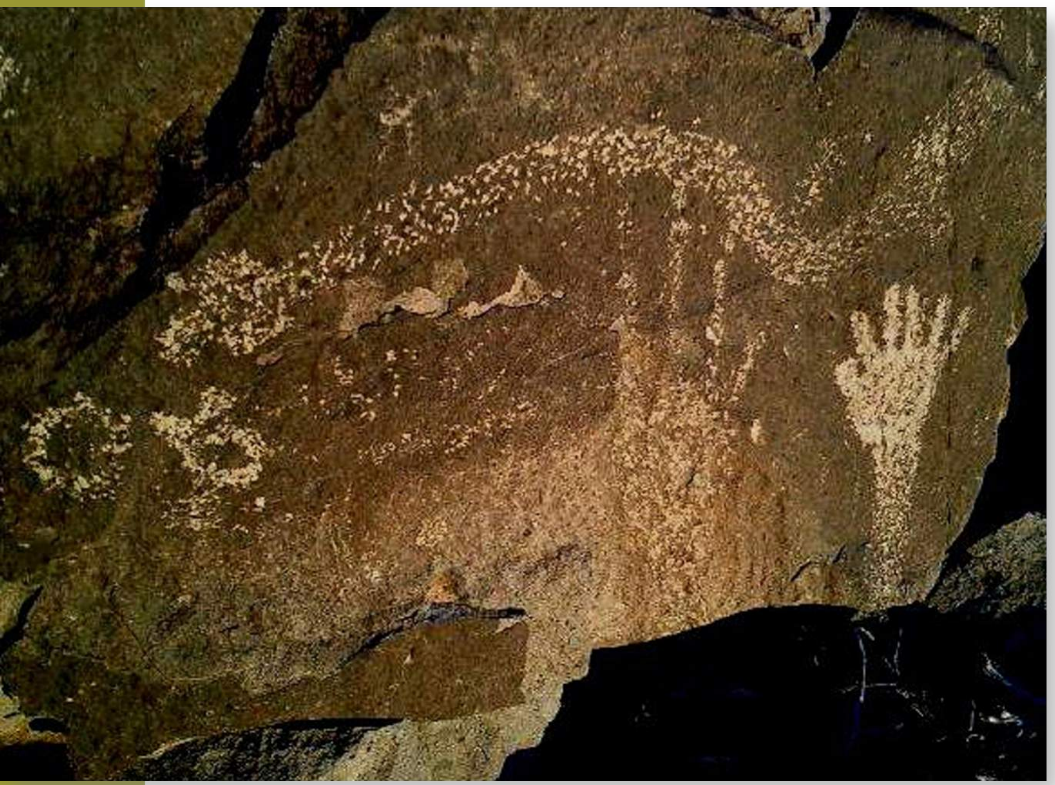
Detail of the Jama-Coaque hybrid with six fingers. Polydactyly is a phenomenon in the pre-Hispanic world that is related to the gods and the magical-religious tradition.[Photo provided by the Author]

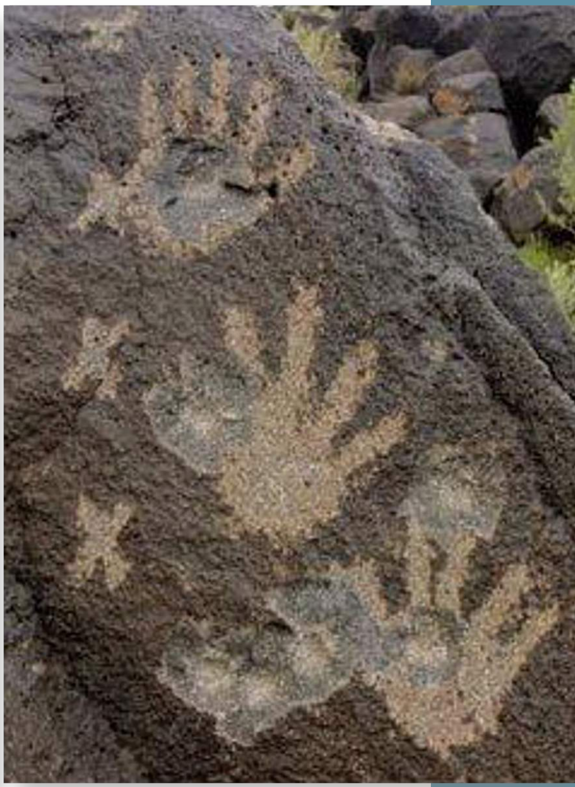


Six fingered Mesoamerican iconography. Left: Early Classic figurine from Teotihuacan (Museo Nacional de Antropología, Mexico). Center: Late Classic Zapotec effigy from Tlatenango, Mexico. Right: Late Classic Zapotec ceramic effigy (National Museum of Denmark). (Images from the article by Gabriel Wrobel, Christopher Helmke, Lenna Nash and Jaime Awe Polydactyly and the Maya: A Review and a Case from the Site of Peligroso, Upper Macal River Valley, Belize of 2012). [Photos provided by the Author]



Left: The "Lord of the Snakes", a six fingered anthropomorphic petroglyph in Arequipa, Peru. Center and right: Anthropomorphic figures with six fingers at McConkie Ranch outside Vernal, Utah, USA. [Photos provided by the Author]





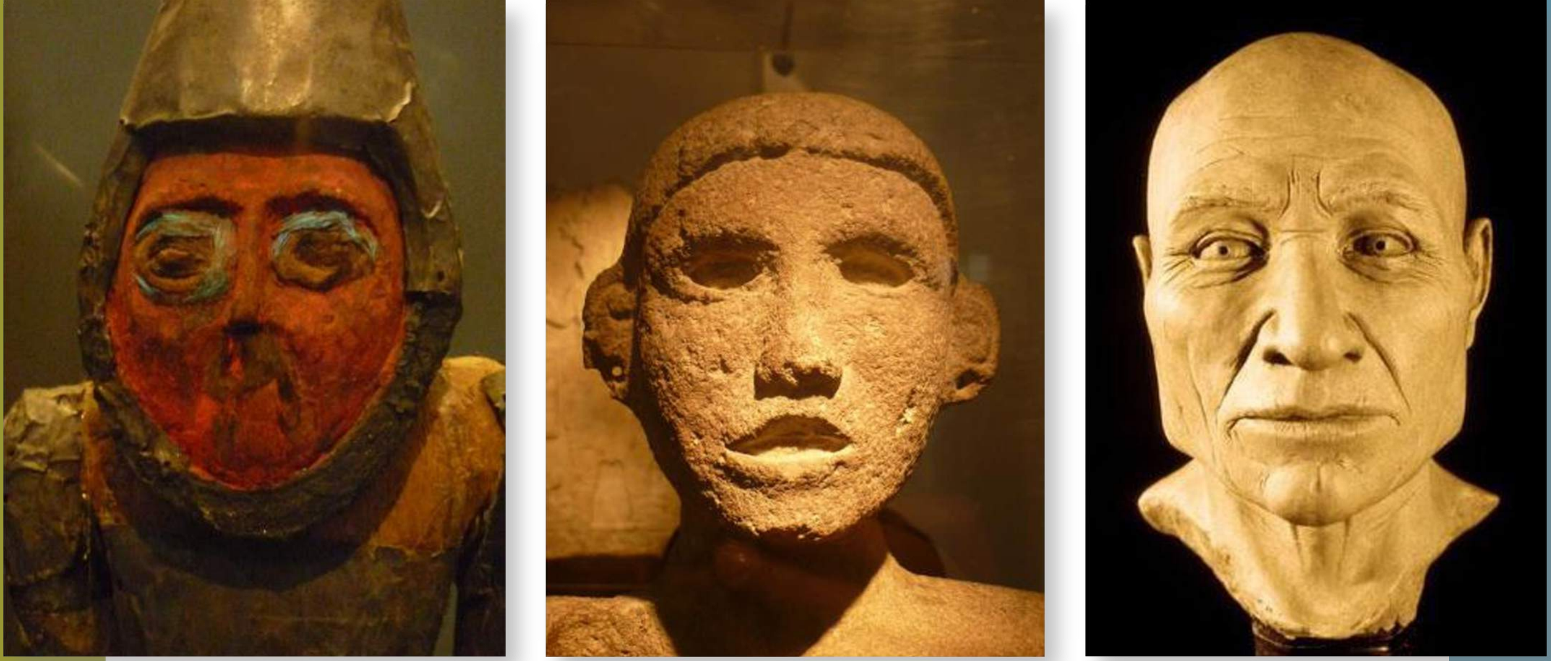
Left: A single six fingered hand can be observed among other petroglyphs of the Sacre Ridge at Three Rivers, New Mexico, USA (Image: Anderson Family). Right: Six fingered handprints in the Petroglyph National Monument in New Mexico, USA. [Photos provided by the Author]

symbolic motif. Even more, in all of the known traditions reported this characteristic is associated with the *gods*, with the priest or shamans and in rituals. Therefore, with the actions of those beings who *descended from the stars*

Should it be assumed therefore, that Tatunca Nara is an expert of pre-Hispanic cultures and civilizations and that he was well acquainted with local archaeological studies of the Diaguitas of northern Chile and of the Dwellings in Chaco Canyon in the USA? Could he possibly know about these specific and local variations? It is unlikely. The fact is that Tatunca Nara communicated the tradition of the Ugha Mongulala which in this matter has archaeological patterns that are verifiable in different cultural bases. The cultural ebbs and flows across the American continent have been demonstrated by scholars like Emeterio Villamil de Rada [4], Arthur Posnansky [5] and Roberto Rengifo [6]: There is a layer that is common throughout the continent. The myths, the symbols and the archaeological evidence corroborate this assertion and therefore the communication wielded by Tatunca Nara should be accurate.
The underground cities in which the gods have resided – following the information given by Tatunca Nara – are also not unknown to pre-Hispanic traditions. Thus, the deities Pillanes of the Lituche-Araucano live in interior of the **Piremapu** or 'Land of the Mountains'. Also, the eight Ayar brothers and sisters of the Andean tradition emerged from a cave called **Paqariq Tampu** (Pacaritambo) in the Tampu T'uqu Mountain near Cuzco. The Ayars were the god-men that set the basis of the original Inca civilization. In the Mesoamerican tradition, the seven Nahuatlacas tribes emerged from the **Aztlán-Chicomostoc-Colhuacan** sacred mountain. It is precisely this Mesoamerican tradition that avoids the ravages of the inquisition and has bequeathed the names of some god-men who inhabit the underworld as for instance Xolotl the twin of Ehecatl-Quetzálcoatl (Venus), who beyond the rich symbolism of many of his functions has the keys to the **Chicunauhmictlan/Mictlan** (Underworld). This god has projections and associations with similar deities such as KucumatzTepeu (K'iche'), Kukulkan (Maya), Tohil-Hunahpu (K'iche'-Maya), Nanahuatzin/Nanahuatl (Aztec), Mictlantecuhtli and his consort Mictecacihuatl (Mexica, Zapoteca and Mixteca). Even more important, the powerful gods Ajmuken Kab ("He who is buried under the Earth") and B'olon ti' K'uh (the "Supreme Gods/Lords of the Underworld") were the **telluric-underworld divinities** who outraged the thirteen gods of the heavens and stole their insignia causing the *Apachiohualiztli* or Great Flood. Consequently, the account of the Ugha Mongulala transmitted by Tatunca Nara has transcendental echoes in the pre-Hispanic world.

The fair skinned natives

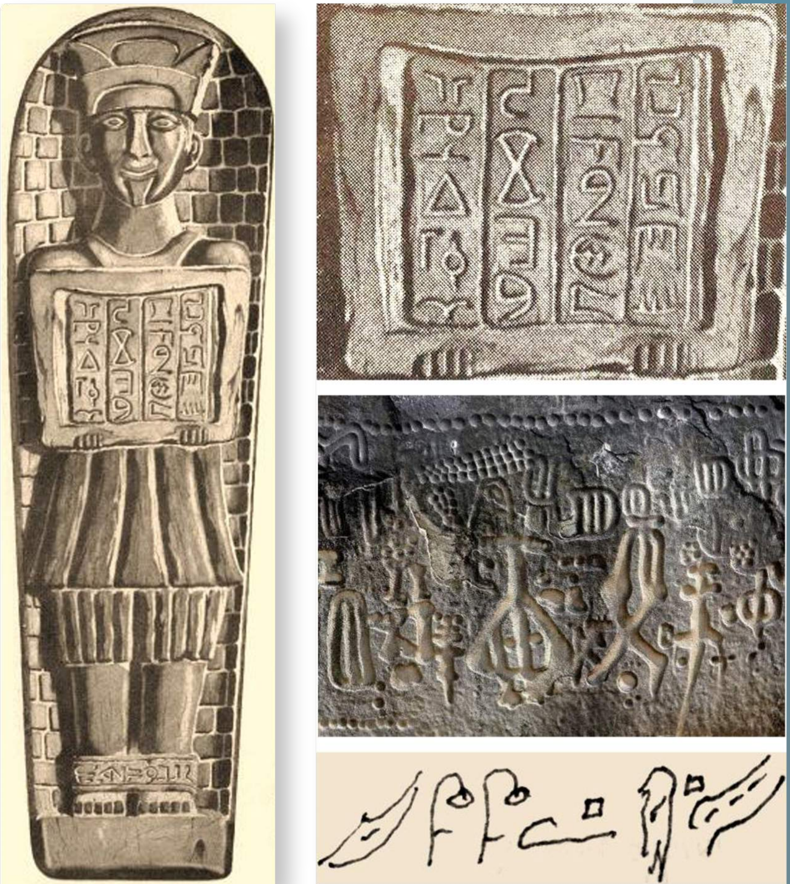
In second term, the ethnic characteristics of the Ugha Mongulala indicated by Tatunca Nara about his people as "tall



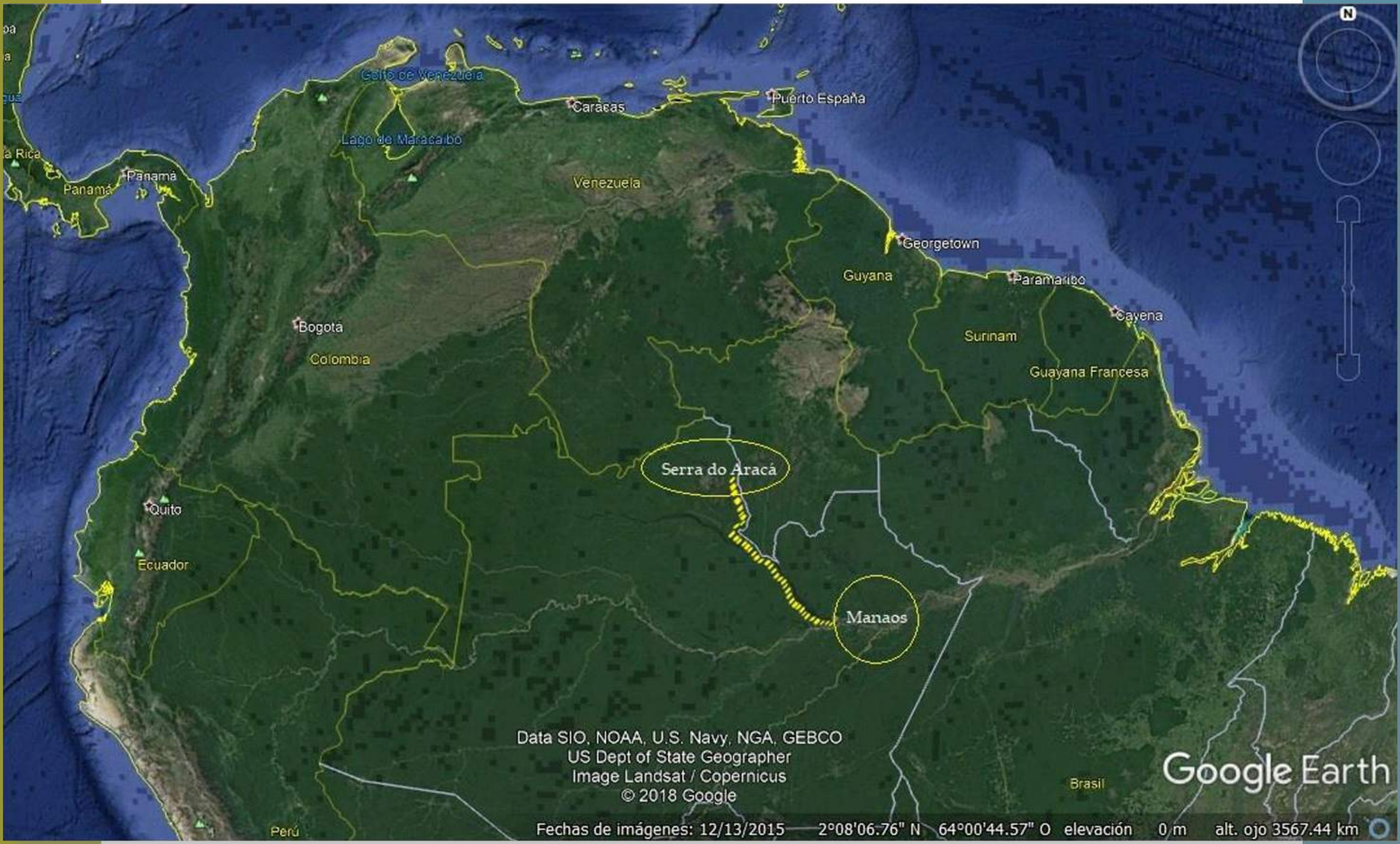
Left: An anthropomorphic figure found in the south of Chile which does not depict the Indigenous stereotype (Museo Chileno de Arte Precolombino). Center: An Aztec Imperial warrior. He also does not present the stereotype of the indigenous (Museo Chileno de Arte Precolombino). Right: The facial reconstruction of the Kennewick Man, a Paleoamerican from what is today the State of Washington in USA (Emmanuel Laurent/Eurelios/Science Photo Library, 2001). [Photos provided by the Author]

and fair skinned” is not unheard of to the features of some pre-Hispanic groups. Indeed, the existence of a native fair skinned population was a fact recorded early by the Europeans *discoverers and conquestadors.* Chroniclers such as José de Acosta, Gaspar de Carvajal, Pedro Mártir, Antonio de Herrera, Antonio de Montesinos, Felipe Guamán Poma de Ayala, Pedro Cieza de León, Inca Garcilazo de la Vega, Pedro de Valdivia, Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga and Alonso de Ovalle, among several others, testified to the presence of a native fair skinned population in the Americas. Furthermore, ethnological studies developed during the twentieth century such as those of Roberto Rengifo, Víctor Larco Herrera and Percy Harrison Fawcett also account for this population [7].

The clue to understand both the antiquity of this group and its origin lies in the information communicated by the *amautas* and sages to the chroniclers and missionaries. In this sense, the historian Pedro Cieza de León in his *Crónica del Perú* (“Chronicle of Peru”, 1553) when referring to the portentous Tiahuanaco – *the Metropolis of the Viracochas* – and seeking to specify its antiquity and the origin of its builders, wrote that *before they reigned* [the Incas] *they were built: However they could not say or affirm who built them. Yet, it was handed down from their ancestors, that what can be seen here appeared in one night. Here and on the island of Titicaca, they claim to have seen bearded men that also built the structure of Vinaque.*



Left: Illustration of the 10-inch anthropomorphic figurine worked in basalt and proceeding according to P. H. Fawcett, from one of the cities of that strange and superior civilization settled in the Amazon. The figure holds in his hands a sort of tablet with pictographs grouped in four columns, each with five symbols. These inscriptions can also be seen in his anklets. Right, above: A detail of the pictographs of the anthropomorphic figure described by Fawcett. Right, to the center: The enigmatic pictographs of the Pedra do Ingá in the State of Paraíba in Brazil. Pedra do Ingá is a group of engravings on an extensive rock that reaches 24 m long and 3 m high approximately. What is its meaning? Right, below: The name of Tatunca Nara –“Great Water Serpent”– in the pictographic system of the Ugha Mongulala. Was there a relationship between all these ideographies? What was the origin of these ideographic-alphabetic systems in South America? [Photo provided by the Author]


Golfo de Venezuela
Caracas
Puerto España
Lago de Maracaibo
Panamá
Panamá
Venezuela
Georgetown
Guyana
Paramaribo
Cayena
Bogotá
Colombia
Surinam
Guayana Francesa
Serra do Aracá
Quito
Ecuador
Manaos
Data SIO, NOAA, U.S. Navy, NGA, GEBCO
US Dept of State Geographer
Image Landsat / Copernicus
© 2018 Google
Google Earth
Brasil
Perú
Fechas de imágenes: 12/13/2015
2°08'06.76" N 64°00'44.57" O elevación 0 m alt. ojo 3567.44 km

The route undertaken from Manaus to Cerra do Aracá in the State of Amazonas in Brazil which included trips by boats, motorboats and hiking through the mata or forest (Image: Google Earth, 2018).

Therefore it may be that before the reign of the Incas there was a a number of people who had knowledge of these kingdoms, which came from somewhere of unknown origin [8]. Cieza de León has further explained that in the Titicaca Peninsula in the past centuries there *were **fair skinned, bearded people like us**; and that coming out of the valley of Coquimbo, a captain who goes by the name Cari arrived where now is Chuquyto and after having made some new settlements he went with his people to the island and gave such war to them that he killed them all. Chiriguama, governor of those people, which belong to the Emperor, told me what I have written* [9]. *“Fair skinned” and “bearded men” in pre-Hispanic America? Yes, indeed. It is the primordial group of the continent – the Paleoamericans of dolichocephalic skulls – and as anthropologist Paul Rivet has argued, based on the information presented both in the chronicles and pre-Hispanic iconography and in the relations of the natives, in many regions, the tradition retained the memory of fair skinned and bearded men who had preceded the current populations, especially in Peru, in the region of Guamanga and in the islands of Titicaca* [10].

Their origin was noticed by the conquistador and chronicler Pedro Pizarro who declared in his Relación del Descubrimiento y Conquista de los Reinos del Perú (“Relation of the Discovery and Conquest of the Kingdoms of Peru”, 1571) that *the Guancas Indians and Chachapoyas and Cañares were the common ones: “The most beautiful and slender”. The other commoners of this kingdom were thick, not beautiful or ugly, but of a mid-pairing. These people of the kingdom of Peru were fair skinned, of a wheat-colored, and among the lords and ladies were “lighter like the Spanish”. I saw in this land an Indian woman and a child extremely white and blond. They [the Natives] said they were the offspring of the idols* [11]. *Idols* was the epithet used by Christian chroniclers – resentful carriers of their ‘monotheism’– for gods. That is, the “sons of idols” were the “sons of the gods”. They were the descendants of the Viracochas or *White Gods* of the Americas.

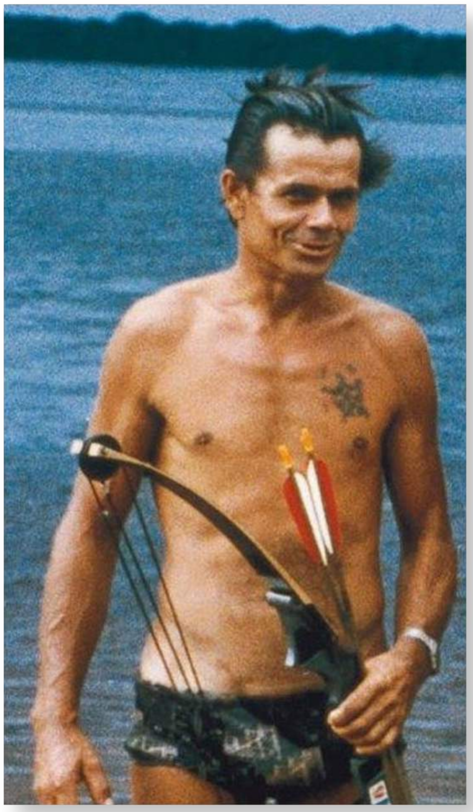
Cycles of Great Catastrophes?

A third tradition of the Ugha Mongulala communicated by Tatunca Nara is related to the “Great Catastrophe” and, more precisely, to two great catastrophes. Notably, the most recurrent and common tradition among all the pre-Hispanic cultures and civilizations is the myth of the “Great Catastrophe”, the “Great Flood”, the “Great Water” and similar stories. These are referrals of various ancestral narratives and fragmentary legends found from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska and speak of a major cosmic/planetary process that occurs in a specific time or chronological milestone. In fact, there are three fundamental premises in this myth: First, the catastrophe is anticipated with chronological precision almost like a countdown. And with it the unanswered questions of how can all these myths coincide in this topic? How did those who announced the imminent catastrophe could possibly know the event? Are the catastrophes a natural phenomenon or are they an artificial phenomenon using natural forces?

Secondly, the catastrophes are some sort of an 'adjustment' or 'resetting' processes as their ultimate goal is to destroy the world (or an 'age') in order to create a new Earth (or a 'new' age). Lastly, in the pre-Hispanic traditions, these cosmic/planetary processes are always caused by the gods in order to establish a New Age or a "New Sun". The great catastrophes have been known as *Tripalafken* for the Lituche Araucanos of Chile; *Llocllavuno Pachacuti* in the Andean traditions; *Mba'e-megua Guasu* or *Ara Kañy* for the Guaranies; *Apachiohualiztli* for the Mesoamerican records and *O-kee-paa of the Mandan* in the United States, among others epithets [12]. The pre-Hispanic art casts a rich variety of iconographies of the cycles of the great catastrophes as it can be observed for instance in the Kultrún of the Machi or Shamans of the Lituche-Araucanos of the Chili-Mapu with the succession of the "Suns in Movement" or "Ages" and in the portentous Aztec Piedra del Sol in Mexico-Tenochtitlan.

The "Last Descendant"

It has been questioned if Tatunca Nara is the only source on the Ugha Mongulala and whether or not he is the "last descendant" of the tribe. What are the real reasons for those doubts? Could it not be possible? Why has not the same been discussed with Lola Kiepja (1966) and Virginia Choinquitel (1999) of the Selk'nam tradition in the extreme south of Chile, or Cipriano Martínez (2015), a Tolupán-Xicaque cacique of Honduras, or with Konibu (2016) of the 14 Akuntsu of the Brazilian Amazon, or with Baji (2016), one of the last Pacahuaras of the Amazon of Bolivia? [13]



Tatunca Nara (Ca. 1980). [Photo provided by the Author]

I think the reason can be found in the exclusionary view imposed by orthodox historiography and anthropology which proposes a unique stereotype for pre-Hispanic populations and their descendants. However, this view is opposed to the archaeological evidence of dolichocephalic skulls, the numerous records in chronicles and ethno-historical sources that refer both to the presence of the fair skinned gods on a continental scale and to the observation made by numerous witnesses for more than five centuries of fair skinned natives and also, to the abundant and varied pre-Hispanic iconography that gives countless examples of this aboriginal population. All this, because the ethnic characteristics of Tatunca Nara correspond to those of the fair skinned natives. Dolichocephalic skull, fair or clear pigmentation; height of approximately 1.76 m; his hair presents the common characteristic of density and type of European or Caucasian hair follicles. In short, ethnic factors that do not conform to those found in more usual indigenous populations of the regions with brachycephalic skull, darker skin, an average height around 1.60 m and hair types similar to Asian descendants.

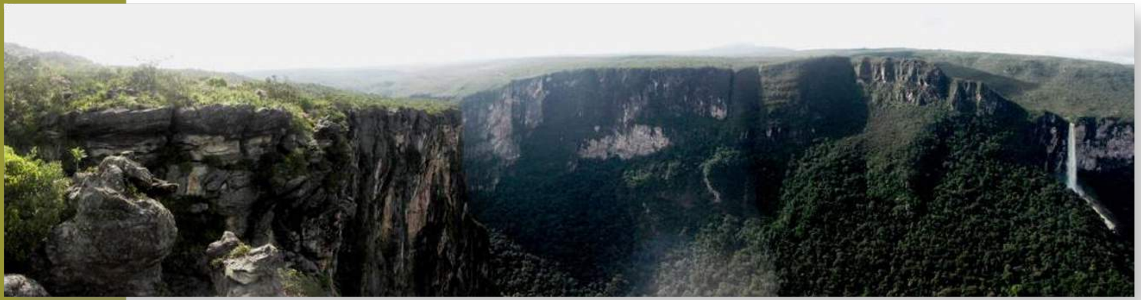
Therefore, due to this exclusionary view imposed by official historiography, both the tradition of the Ugha Mongulala and its promoter Tatunca Nara is seen as invalid.

The Cities of the Gods: Akakor and Akahim

Tatunca Nara has indicated that the first city of the gods, Akakor, is found in the Amazonian Andes of Peru and Akahim in the northern Amazon, between Brazil and Venezuela. He claimed they are underground settlements. The tradition of underground cities as the dwelling place of the gods and from where the remote American civilization originated is echoed in several pre-Hispanic myths, especially in the Andean regions. These mythical traditions had resonance since the time of the Conquest and meant numerous expeditions and are certainly related to the search undertaken by Colonel Percy Harrison Fawcett of the *Lost City of Z* in the Amazon. In his view, it constituted the basis of a past civilization whose individuals *were fair skinned.* In relation to the location of the *Lost City of Z*, Fawcett believed to find it in the heart of the Amazon and, consequently, his explorations were focused *on the still unknown regions, since all the upper Native tribes kept the tradition of a great past civilization to the east, of a race that may have engendered the Incas, and even to the mysterious people who left those gigantic ruins that the invading Incas found and adopted as their own*

Image © 2018 DigitalGlobe
Image Landsat / Copernicus
Google Earth
0°52'56.42" N 63°23'15.19" O elevación 1067 m alt. ojo 38.28 km

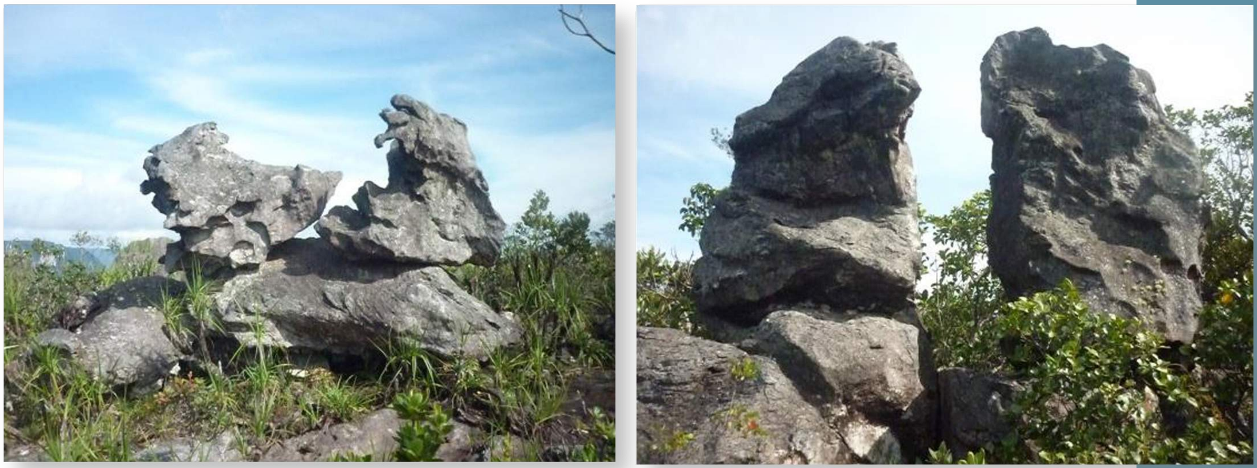
Serra do Aracá in the Amazon, the region of the research carried together with Tatunca Nara in July-August 2018 (Image: Google Earth, 2018).



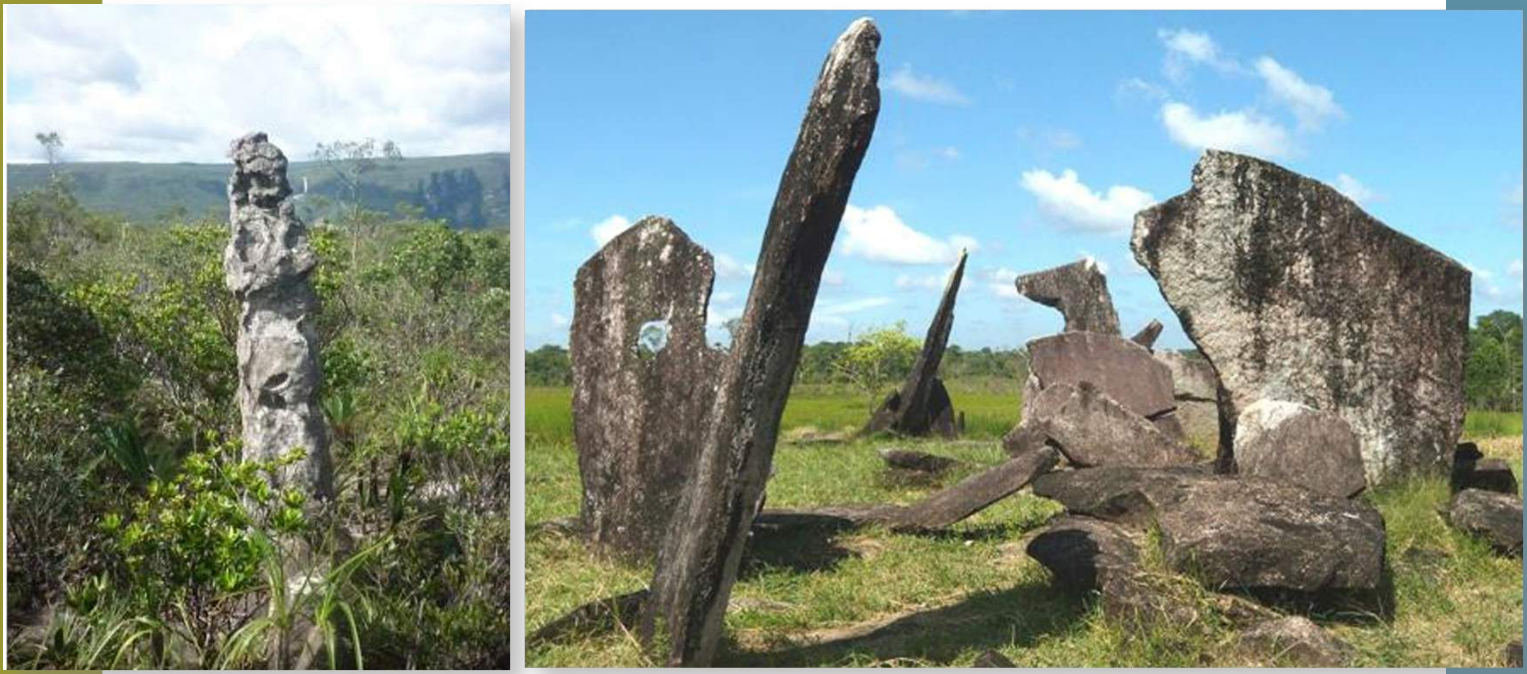
General view of the top of Serra do Aracá. *[Photo provided by the Author]*

[14]. In this sense, Fawcett suggested that the megalithic buildings of Tiahuanaco, Ollantaytambo and Sacsaihuamán were not built by the Incas but by this *ancient civilization* which settled in the Amazon.

This same notion about a remote civilization was observed by connoted historian Diego Barros Arana who explained in the *Historia general de Chile* ("General History of Chile", 1884-1902) that the Tahuantinsuyu *was undoubtedly cemented on the scattered ruins of a much older civilization* [15]. In his study Barros Arana emphasized that *the indigenous we know from the oldest documents had been in contact with a strange and highly developed civilization which undoubtedly modified his habits in some way* [16]. Some descendants of this remote civilization - according to Fawcett - are the Guarayos and the Maxubis as well as other Amazonian tribes. In this regard, Fawcett said that existing chronicles, dating from the time of the Conquest, refer to the appearance of these peoples. Physically they were of a people, differing little from the Mexicans, Muyscas and Peruvians. All preserved the tradition of being descendants of fair skinned people. *"The Molopaques, discovered in Minas Gerais in the seventeenth century, were light-complexioned and bearded, in elegant and refined ways. It is said that their women were blond like some English women, with golden, platinum or chestnut hair. In a chronicle, it is said that they had delicate features of great beauty, small feet and hands*



Megaliths on top of the Serra do Aracá. These are two groups characterized by a stone base on which two blocks with east-west orientation have been arranged. It is difficult to consider a natural disposition especially considering that this order is related to solar landmarks. *[Photos provided by the Author]*



Left: A menhir-like on the top of the Serra do Aracá. The tradition of 'standing stones' is a widespread phenomenon among Paleoamerican cultures. Right: The megaliths of Calçoene, in Amapá, Brazil. Significantly, this megalithic complex is geographically located at close latitude (2º28'36"N 51º00'38"O) to the megaliths of Serra de Aracá (1º33'57"N 63º22'16"W). Were these two megalithic groups related?

and beautiful and soft hair. And this happened after inevitable inter-marriages with dark-skinned Tupis. They were not anthropophagous" [17]

Fawcett also witnessed the fair skinned natives, who according to their own pre-Columbian traditions, were the *dominant and civilizing group* [18]. Even more: In Fawcett's view, the fair skinned natives were not framed only in the Amazon region because *the Toltecs were of fine features, clear copper-color, light eyes, probably reddish brown hair, and they usually wear white loose tunics or color suits of fine texture. Even today, one can see the brightness of henna in the black hair of the copper-skinned tribes of South America. Among the Maxubis. I have seen members of this tribe with light eyes and reddish brown hair, although they have not had contact with any modern people with light hair or even with Spanish or dark-haired Portuguese* [19]. The fair skinned natives, as it has been shown and based on records in chronicles and ethno-historical sources and through pre-Hispanic iconography, were the descendants of the gods, of the Huarijochas. They were the impellers of that *strange and superior civilization* of which the high cultures of the continent emanated in remote ages.

The Lost City of Z, El Dorado, Paititi, Elellín, Trapananda and la Ciudad de los Césares among other *today* mythical centers are then related to the sacred tradition of the Ugha Mongulala, that is, with Akakor and Akahim, *the cities of the gods*. And as Tatunca Nara has communicated, the fate of those who knew these cities and their legacy, suffered the ravages of the last *Great Catastrophe*. Fawcett himself wrote about it: *On America fell the curse of a great cataclysm that was remembered in the traditions of all these peoples, from the Nagtives of British Columbia to those of Tierra del Fuego. It may have been a series of local catastrophes, of a spasmodic nature, or also a sudden and overwhelming disaster. Its result was to change the face of the Pacific Ocean and the lifting of South America in something similar to its current form. We have no modern experience to measure the extent of human disorganization resulting from a calamity that erected a continent of the islands and created new mountain and river systems. We only know that the destruction of a great city can convulse a nation to its foundations. It does not take much effort and imagination to understand the gradual disintegration and degeneration of the survivors after the cataclysm with their frightful loss of life. The Toltecs separated into groups, each fighting for their own survival. We know that both the Nahuas and the Incas founded their empires on the ruins of an older civilization. On the northern continent, beyond the boundaries of the Toltec cities, in what is now California, Arizona, Texas and Florida, they seem to have degenerated into barbarism. Not only were the cities of the Cliff-Dwellers (former North American Indians who lived among the rocks), later inhabited by the Otomis of the north, but also the tradition gives the Caribs (or degenerate Toltecs) a character of extreme savagery. Among all the ancient peoples, education was especially entrusted to priests, who belonged to the ruling castes or were intimately linked to it. They were the guardians of chronicles and traditions. A calamity that shook the whole world and left powerful stone cities of ancient America to the ground, probably also* *swept the priestly caste, as well as the masses of the lay population. It must have been many centuries before the reconstruction produced something resembling an advanced civilization. All commerce must have ceased because tradition teaches that the Atlantic Ocean was not navigable due to the violence of the storms, and this legend is not of the American side but of the European one. Probably the same happened with the Pacific. There is almost no doubt that a cataclysm of such dimensions produced extraordinary tides and minor catastrophes throughout the world, because everywhere there are traditions that speak of a Flood* [20]. These cosmic-planetary processes on a global scale known in mythical traditions as great catastrophes and floods correspond to the beginning and end of the great cycles of time.

Conclusions

The Akakor Geographical Expedition to the Amazon jungle in July/August 2018 was able to locate an approximation to the tradition of the Ugha Mongulala communicated by Tatunca Nara. This is a fragmentary tradition that involves some of the myths, particular symbols and a general view of the Ugha Mongulala social structure concerning some customs and activities. To this regard and against all presumptions and the prejudices attributed, the fields referred by Tatunca Nara and addressed in the present study – being these the account of the extraterrestrial gods and their symbolic and iconographic records; the special ethnic characteristics of the Ugha Mongulala; the knowledge of cyclic catastrophes and the oral tradition provided by Tatunca Nara – are corroborated by pre-Hispanic ethnographic and archaeological evidence. Therefore, they allow a interpretation of the lore communicated by Tatunca Nara – abandoning at the same time all references to the book of Karl Brugger. This will pave the road for future field research and ethno-historic investigations which allow an approximation of Akakor and Akahim, the cities of the gods and the destiny of the Ugha Mongulala. The Real Chronicle of Akakor is yet to be written!

Note from the Author:
December 2019 marks the 100th year anniversary of the *Antarctic Origin of Mankind* suggested by Professor Roberto Rengifo.
Professor Rengifo of the Universidad de Chile stated the above in several books from 1919 to 1935.
His archaeological research allowed him to recognize a pre-indigenous group: The Chilis. They were the cultural ancestors in anthropological terms who he claimed to have spread civilization and were known in the Andean highlands as Viracochas.
Their name – los chilis/chiles – is the foundation of the name of my homeland: Chile.

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[1] See *Der selbstgemachte Hauptling Tatunca Nara alias Gunther Hauck oder der Morder im Regenwald* (Droemer Knaur. Munchen, 1993) by Rudiger Nehberg and *A Deluded German and Three Dead Bodies*, by Alexander Smoltczyk. In: *Der Spiegel*. July 11, 2014.

[2] The references correspond to a set of interviews held by the author to Tatunca Nara between July 28 to August 11, 2018 in the framework of the Amazonian jungle expedition of the Akakor Geographical Exploring team.

[3] De la Vega, D. Petroglifos. In: Newspaper *Las Últimas Noticias* (Santiago de Chile, 1948).

[4] See Villamil de Rada, Emeterio: *La Lengua de Adán y el Hombre de Tiahuanaco*.

[5] See Posnansky, Arthur*: Das Treppen Zeichen in den Amerikanischen Ideographien mit besonderer Rücksicht auf Tiahuanacu*, 1913 and *Conexiones prehistóricas México-centroamericanas con la antigua Metrópolis de los Andes*, 1932.

[6] See studies by Professor Roberto Rengifo, *El Secreto de la América Aborigen: I. Noticias y comentarios arqueológicos*, 1919; II. Estractos de Actas de la Sociedad Científica, 1920; III. *Los chiles*, 1920; IV. *Extractos de Actas de la Sociedad Científica*, 1921; *Arte gráfico y poético de los primitivos y los chiles*, 1920; and *El papel del territorio de Chile en la evolución de la humanidad prehistórica*, 1935.

[7] Videla-Eissmann, Rafael; *Raza Primigenia*, 2003; *Habitantes del Sur Polar Aborigen* , 2004; *Huitramannaland. La tierra de los hombres blancos*, 2005; *Roberto Rengifo y el Secreto de la América Aborigen. El papel del territorio de Chile en la evolución de la humanidad prehistórica y el origen polar antártico del hombre*, 2007; *Símbolos rúnicos en América. El regreso a la tierra ancestral*, 2011; *La Ciudad de los Césares y el misterio de los indios blancos*, 2012; *Los Dioses Extraterrestres y el regreso de B'olon Yokte'K'uh*, 2013; and *Los lituches. Los hombres-dioses de la tradición del sur del mundo*, 2014

[8] Cieza de León, P. *Crónica del Perú*. First Part. Page 284.

[9] Cieza de León, P. *Crónica del Perú*. Second Part. Page 7

[10] Rivet, P. *Los orígenes del hombre americano*. Pages 142-145.

[11] Fernández Navarrete, M.; Salvá, M. & Sainz de Baranda, P. *Colección de documentos inéditos para la historia de España*. Page 380.

[12] In this regard see Videla-Eissmann, Rafael; *El Gran Diluvio. Mitos americanos sobre la última catástrofe planetaria*, 2016, which presents more than one hundred and forty mythical records of the Americas.

[13] See *Drones capture the presence of isolated tribes in the Brazilian Amazon*. AFP, August 24, 2018.

[14] Fawcett, P. H. *Exploración Fawcett*. Page 266.

[15] Barros Arana, *D. Historia general de Chile*. Page 54.

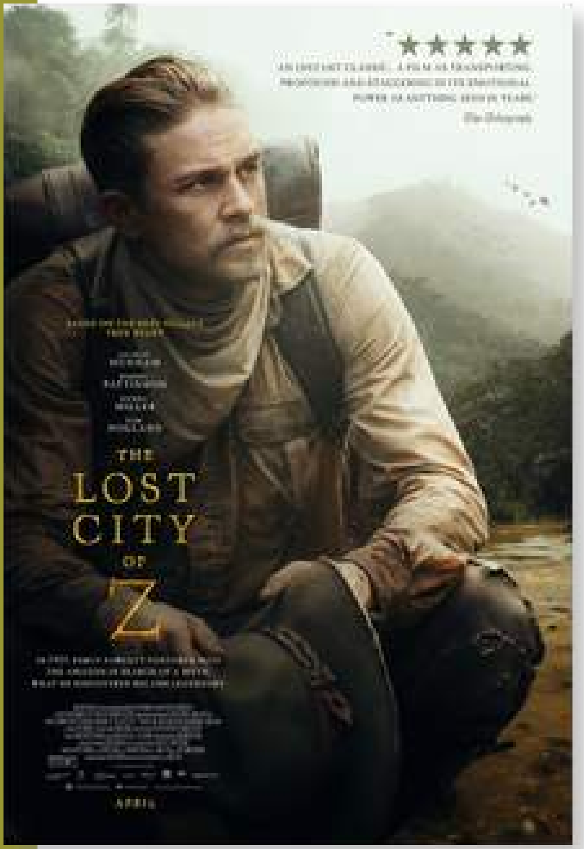
[16] Barros Arana, *D. Historia general de Chile*. Page 54.

[17] Fawcett, P. H. *Exploración Fawcett*. Pages 374-375.

[18] The fair skinned natives are mentioned on pages 26, 114, 133, 135, 180, 299, 307, 369, 370, 377, 382 and 386, 411, 438 and 454 of the second Zig-Zag edition of *Exploración Fawcett* published in Santiago de Chile in 1955.

[19] Fawcett, P. H. *Exploración Fawcett*. Page 369.

[20] Fawcett, P. H. *Exploración Fawcett*. Pages 370- 371.



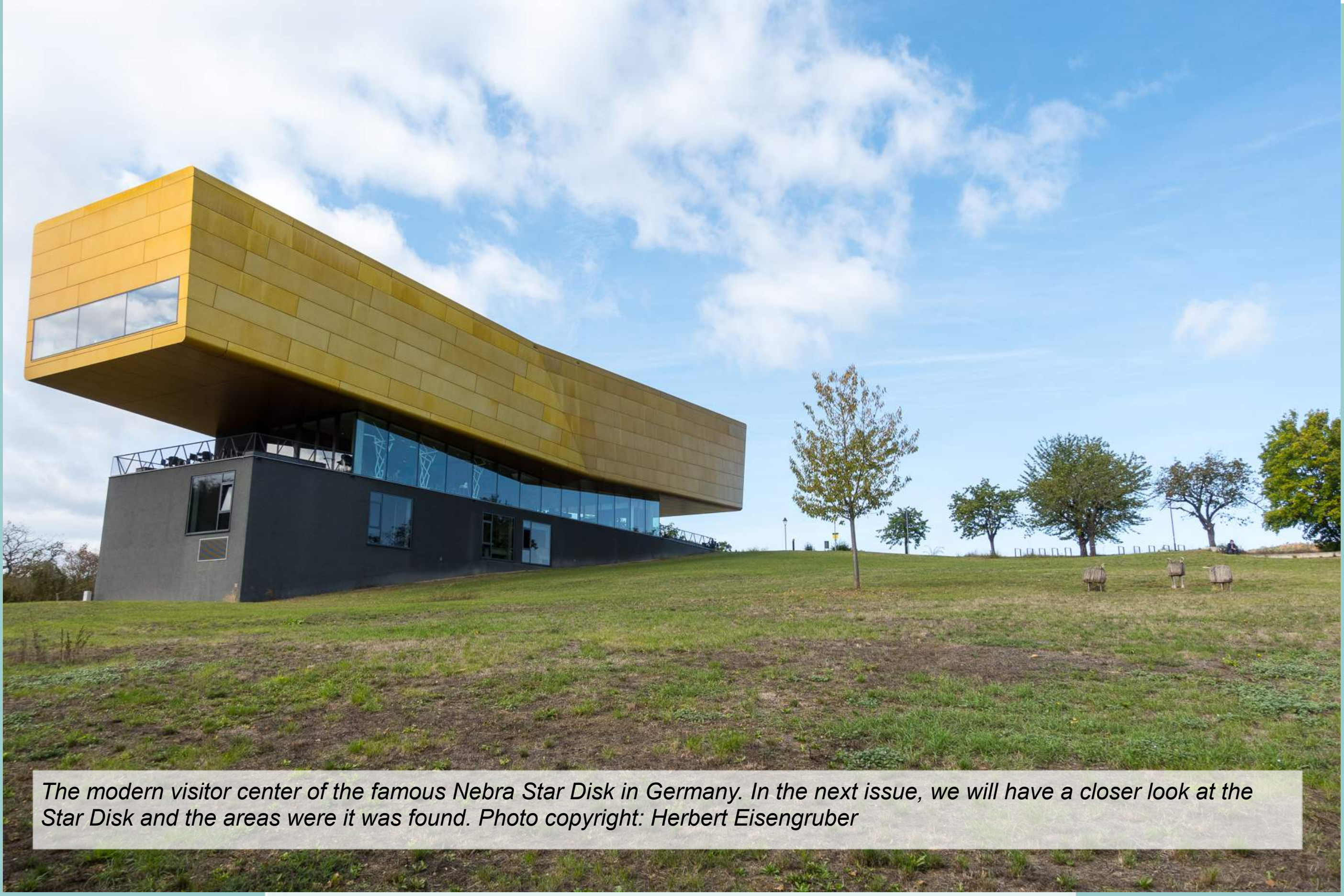
Movie recommendation: The Lost City of Z

P. H. Fawcett's expeditions mentioned in this article have recently been converted to the big screen in true Hollywood fashion. Excerpt from Google:

"At the dawn of the 20th century, British explorer Percy Fawcett journeys into the Amazon, where he discovers evidence of a previously unknown, advanced civilization that may have once inhabited the region. Despite being ridiculed by the scientific establishment, which views indigenous populations as savages, the determined Fawcett, supported by his devoted wife, son, and aide-de-camp, returns to his beloved jungle in an attempt to prove his case"

The movie received mostly favorable reviews and is a must-watch for anyone interested in the subject. Highly recommended.

Rating: PG-13 (for violence, disturbing images, brief strong language and some nudity); **Genre:** Action & Adventure, Drama; **Directed By:** James Gray



The modern visitor center of the famous Nebra Star Disk in Germany. In the next issue, we will have a closer look at the Star Disk and the areas were it was found. Photo copyright: Herbert Eisengruber

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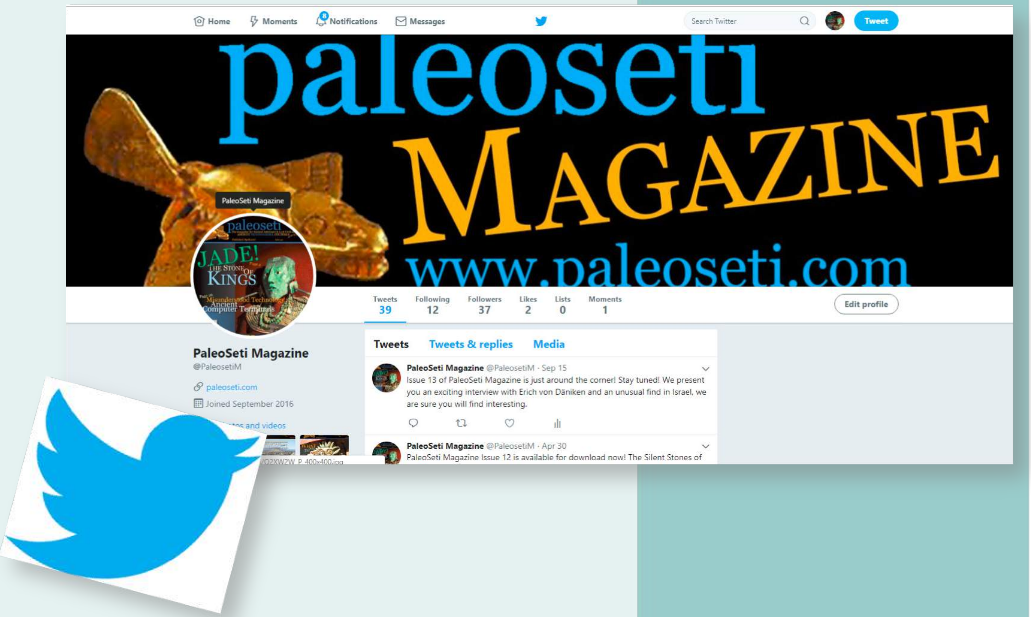
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